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Vol. CLX No. 2091 WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC FEBRUARY 17 1940

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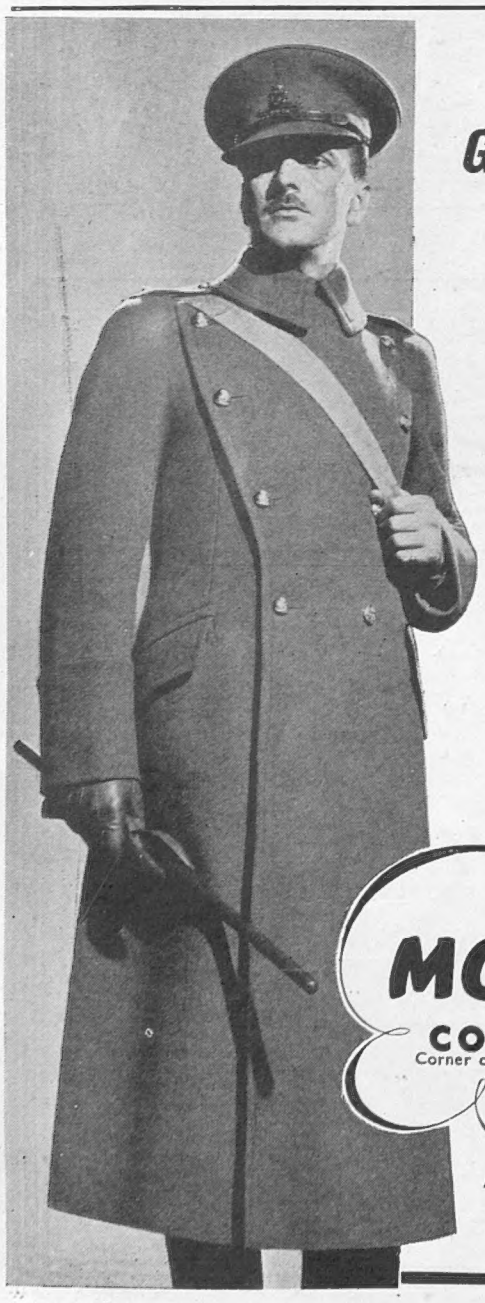

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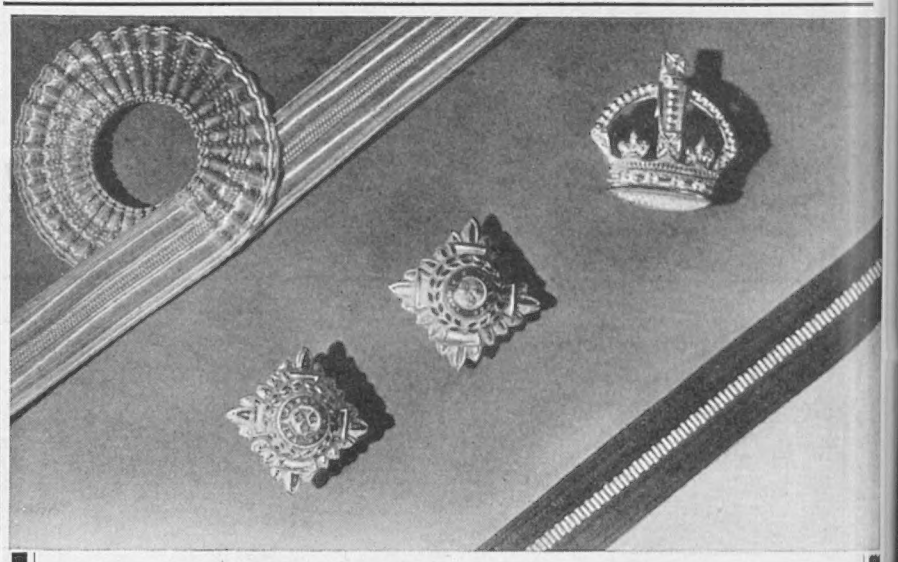

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Volume CLX No. 2091

THE SPHERE

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The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

London, February 17, 1940

CANADA SENDS A THIRD CONTINGENT TO THE HOME COUNTRY

Some of the Troops Lining Up on the Quayside on Arrival

The men of the third Canadian contingent who landed at a west country port last week were full of praise for the manner in which the British Navy had brought them over without a single casualty, "and," said one of them, "we want the Canadian people to know it." Among the men was a Scot who emigrated to the Dominion in 1914. He came back with the Canadian army, went through the last war, and after settling down in England returned to Canada in 1938. He sailed five days after rejoining in Canada. Major-General A. G. L. McNaughton, commanding the Canadian Division, summed up the situation at the Mansion House as follows: "Now that the initial movements have been completed, I feel at liberty to say that the schedule for the transport of the troops, determined months ago, has been carried through on time, to the day and to the hour, as laid down in advance, and that a force whose strength is measured in the tens of thousands has reached these shores without the loss of a man. To a stranger looking at this globe and observing Britain, a group of small islands set in ocean spaces, at war with a Continental Power of vast extent and greater man-power, this achievement may seem incredible." However, the incredible has happened, as it has happened before. "Britain's cause is Canada's cause"

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THE ROYAL VISIT TO THE WEST COUNTRY: THE KING AND QUEEN WALKING THROUGH AN ALLEY-WAY OF THE GLOSTER AIRCRAFT FACTORY

Their Majesties paid a successful visit to Bristol last week-end. After leaving the docks they drove through the city, attended a parade of militiamen, and inspected men and women of the A.R.P., A.F.S., and W.V.S. Later they visited the Bristol Aeroplane Company's works and saw Blenheim bombers, Beauforts, and other famous machines. They were shown also how the Bristol air-cooled engine, with which the R.A.F. is largely equipped, is produced. The King was so interested that he stayed about an hour longer than was expected

32–34, ST. BRIDE STREET, E.C.4
Wednesday, February 14, 1940

APOLOGY TO CORRESPONDENTS.

—Again I make my apology to a score of correspondents (some are now very old friends of mine) who have written me charming letters supporting or sometimes politely criticising views I have expressed on a dozen subjects, ranging from the prospects of a millennium in our lifetime to the question of waste collection, from the inequality of the billeting scheme to the relative importance in the scheme of the State of a Cabinet Minister. My apology is for my powerlessness to reply to them all personally, as for years I have tried to do. Since the war my correspondents have quadrupled and I should like them all to know how very much I value their criticism and enjoy their encouragement, and how much I hope they will continue a one-sided arrangement and accept as sufficient an occasional expression in general terms of my gratitude to each and all.

WHY BRITAIN IS AT WAR.

—"Masterly" is the right adjective with which to summarise Harold Nicolson's "Penguin Special" which is selling still like hot cakes. But I am not quite certain that vigorous patriots and arbiters of "what-we-ought-to-read" are wise to demand that it be brought to every home. Compare it with Lord Lloyd's pamphlet and you will realise what I mean. The bulk of Mr. Nicolson's exciting and clear exposition is devoted to the perpetual hoodwinking and final humiliation of England *under her present war leader* from 1930 until March, 1939. Mr. Chamberlain comes out of it with nothing left but his honesty, and his "commercial adviser," Sir Horace Wilson, is very sarcastically handled. It is difficult to see why it is important that these terrible revelations of British and French failure to kill or even to scotch the snake (when at various times they could easily have done so) should be impressed on the minds of every Englishman and every neutral, since, above all, to win the war we need all the confidence possible in our war leader. Mr. Nicolson's lucidity is so convincing that, fresh from his pamphlet, one finds all excuses for Mr. Chamberlain gone like a puff of smoke in a gale. One is left with the impression that only four men in England knew the truth about Hitler—Churchill, Eden, Duff Cooper and Harold Nicolson. Mr. Chamberlain's cardinal error was to treat Hitler (until April, 1939) as a human being and not as a monstrous lunatic. The vast majority of the nation made the same mistake for just the same length of time. No, for a longer time. For when Mr. Chamberlain, bringing back "peace perpetual with honour" in September, 1938, began at once to initiate the biggest armament drive ever conducted by this country in peace-time, the nation scratched its head and thought him, to say the least, illogical. Was this national blindness a damnable weakness due to complacency or fatty degeneration, or was it excusable, rather, and even justifiable? That is the argument—the basic argument for Mr. Chamberlain—which Mr. Nicolson's brilliant pleading knocks to the ground. Can we set it up again? On the meanest ground—that he was playing for time, because our defences were still rotten? On the higher ground, that, while there remained a chance of peace, he had no somehow were built into its foundations. I shall read and mark and learn from the symposium. And, above all, I approve its punctuality. For if one thing is clear to me, it is this: now is the time for constructive planning. Every day of the bloody, imbecile, inflaming, poisoning, necessary war removes from our minds its quota of our sanity. Every new murder planned by Hitler, every new lie and curse invented by Goebbels, reduces the chance that we can see things in sane and broad and constructive and just proportions, and every week of the war will bring us and our statesmen (and the French) nearer and nearer to that state of enraged bitterness which suffered us to succumb to the imbecilities of Wilson and the obstinacy of Allied statesmen in the making of the last peace settlement. It is now or never, for Allies and neutrals alike, if (for any participant in the settlement) any sanity and coolness are to direct individual contributions.

THE PHILOSOPHY AND POLICY OF THIS WAR.

—Can one sum up and set down in a few words what the ordinary man at the front or on the home front may conceive to be the right philosophy for himself and the right policy for his leaders in the present crisis, on the eve

MASTERS OF OUR MERCANTILE MARINE HAVE A SMILE AND A CHEERY WORD FROM HER MAJESTY

Fifteen captains of the British Merchant Navy, quiet, modest men, described to the King and Queen at Avonmouth Docks their adventures in bringing home food and war supplies from all parts of the world. They were enjoying a respite from the perils of mines and U-boats; and Their Majesties, who were continuing their tour of the West Country, had asked specially to see them

THE DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER KNITS AMID THE LOCAL SEWING CLASS AT BARNWELL CASTLE FARM

The weekly village sewing and knitting class making comforts for the troops at Barnwell, near Oundle, Northamptonshire, includes among its members the Duchess of Gloucester. The Duke and Duchess's home, Barnwell Castle, adjoins the village of about 250 inhabitants. The Duchess, who is President of the Central Hospital Supply Service, is here seen in the drawing room of Castle Farm, home of Mrs. F. R. Berridge, secretary of the class

A WAR NE

alternative but to treat with the heads of nations by the conventions of civilised diplomacy and as civilised human beings? Was world war inevitable as long ago as 1930 or 1935? Was it inevitable the day the Munich declaration was signed? If you give any credence to Sir Nevile Henderson, you have to admit that Munich *nearly* came off, that a mere straw—a gust of personal vanity—tipped the scale. It is frightful to condemn Mr. Chamberlain and the nation to simplicity or easy tolerance so terrible and so humiliating without an attempt to see the other side. That is why I think Mr. Nicolson's lucid best-seller is as dangerous as it is convincing and brilliant.

THE RIGHTS OF MAN.—

I am far from unsympathetic and scorn to be sceptical concerning the *Daily Herald's* national debate on the rights of man, the planning of the peace and the new world to follow it. I ask no better than to live under those conditions which the *Herald's* new charter seeks to bring to mankind. I am tired of the outworn forms and patent anachronisms of our own democracy and have had all I want of the survivals of the Edwardian age which

WSLETTER—No. XXIV

of the "real struggle"? Many are trying to do so and none seems likely to succeed. I should venture to suggest for the philosophy of the ordinary man: "to hope for the best and to prepare to endure the worst." And for our statesmen's and leaders' policy: "Economy and concentration." Economy of words, concentration (with all possible economy) on the special jobs which they have been called to direct. I believe that the ordinary man's faith in his leaders (and, ergo, faith in victory) will be greatly strengthened if those leaders would show greater faith in the ordinary man. That increase of faith on both sides would result in a beneficial economy of words on both sides, grousing and criticism on one side, encouragement and warnings alternating on the other. Of course, there must be spokesmen. The obvious choices are the Premier and Foreign Secretary on general pronouncements, and the Service heads strictly confined to facts and progress in their departments. And when the general pronouncements come to be made, let them be made not as individual expressions of opinion but as the considered judgments of the inner Cabinet. There!

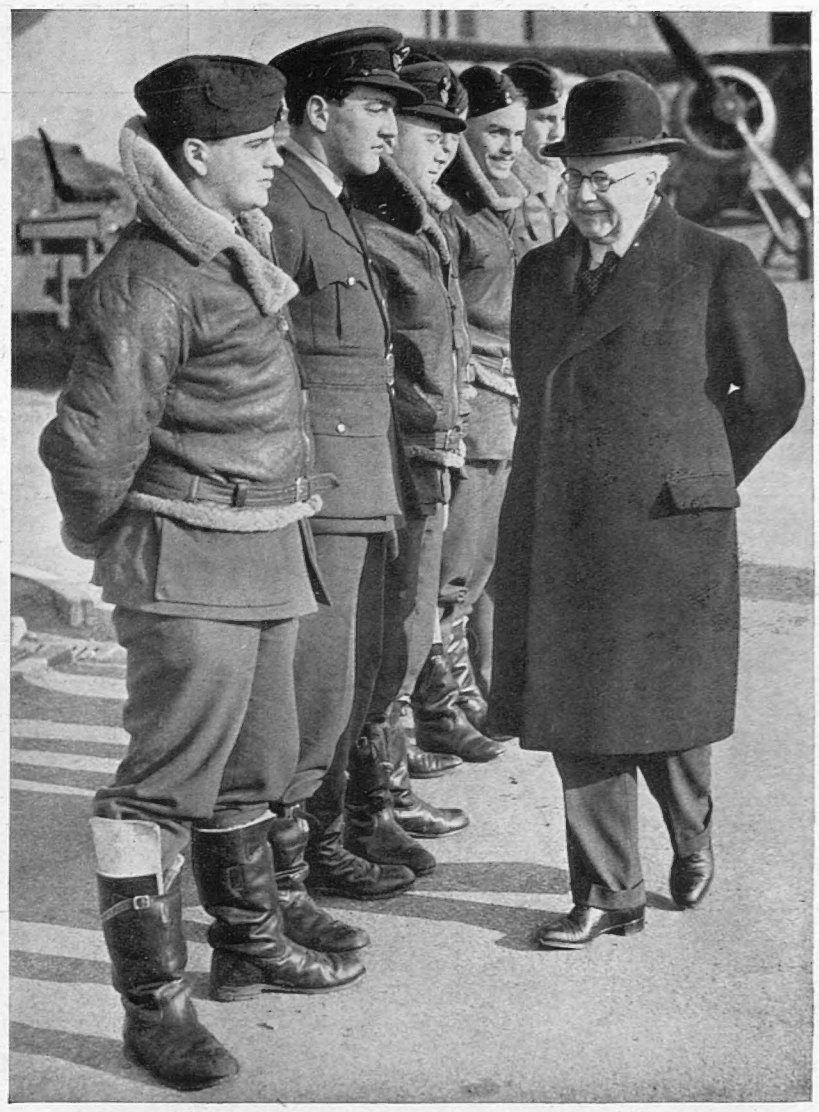
WHY WE SCRATCH OUR HEADS.—There is no doubt in my mind that much of the ordinary man's confusion of thought to-day is indeed due to the spate of oratory by ministers, all giving (as they wish to do) their individual views—honest views—of the war situation. One wonders whether they do not carry as ministers a special responsibility in war-time to co-ordinate their views in public utterances. Thus, last week, we heard, *passim*:—"We have no quarrel with the German people. We are fighting that evil thing, Nazism."—(The Right Hon. Jonah.) "It makes me sick to hear people saying we are not fighting the German people. A nation which can bring itself to . . . etc."—(The Right Hon. Nebuchadnezzar.) "There is too much easy optimism abroad to-day in the nation. We are fighting for our lives against an immensely strong and ruthless enemy and the issue is by no means . . . etc."—(The Right Hon. Balaam.) "Only one thing can bring us through to victory to-day—a calm optimism and faith in the justice of our cause and in the vast resources we have organised to carry it through."—(The Right Hon. Canute.) "We must organise to-day and instantly for the peace which will follow the present struggle."—(The Right Hon. Elijah.) "There is only one consideration before us to-day—to organise by every means to win this war. All other and remoter considerations must be set aside."—(The Right Hon. Elisha.)

BIGELOW PAPERS (New Series).—It is truly said to the ex-Kaiser's credit that since his exile began in 1918 he has never authorised publication of his views on current politics. But lately an old friend of his, Mr. P. Bigelow, an American publicist, "released" a paragraph from one of the Kaiser's letters to him, dated January 16, 1940. In this paragraph the Kaiser praised Finland's stand "which has smashed the nimbus of Bolshevism," and had set people thinking of peace. "The belligerents should stop fighting and . . . fight in one line to rid the world and civilisation of Bolshevism." Clearly this pronouncement, however you regard it, must not be charged up to the ex-Kaiser. He did not authorise the publication of what is his own copyright. But, apart from that point, the matter of his argument will be accepted in one aspect with unanimity. In saying what he did, he was by no means betraying the present régime in Germany. Whether you regard his opinion as "wishful thinking," as an impossible dream, or as a monstrous betrayal of Allied war aims, at least the proposal would smile on Hitler and his gang and on the bulk of the German nation.

A RECORD LINK WITH THE PAST?—A correspondent to *The Sunday Times* last week released what is surely a "record" in links with the past. At the end of January, 1940, died the Rev. J. E. Smith-Masters. His grandmother, Mrs. Rebe Randall, as a baby saw her great-great-grandfather, Henry Brougham, who died aged 109, and was born in the reign of Charles II. This Henry Brougham was also great-great-grandfather of Lord (Chancellor) Brougham. Thus Mr. Smith-Masters' grandmother saw one who may have seen Charles II. This beats the famous link of the old Oxford don, and even the instance of the old clubman who "only the other day" used to preface his interminable reminiscences with, "When my father led his regiment at the Battle of the Boyne."

THE PRIME MINISTER AND THE FIRST LORD ATTEND THE CONCEIL SUPREME IN PARIS

M. Daladier, carrying the special walking stick made necessary by his recent accident, is seen emerging with Mr. Chamberlain (umbrella) and Mr. Churchill (walking stick). Opinion on both sides of the Channel was in agreement—"Nous sommes d'accord"



THE AIR MINISTER ALSO VISITED AN AIR STATION IN THE WEST COUNTRY AT THE WEEK-END

Sir Kingsley Wood made a tour of all the workshops and saw Britain's latest bombers and fighters. In his speech he said the Nazis lose more than we do; he also paid a great tribute to our pilots. He had a chat with a number of pilots booted and fur-jacketed and inspected some of the R.A.F. pilots in the West Country

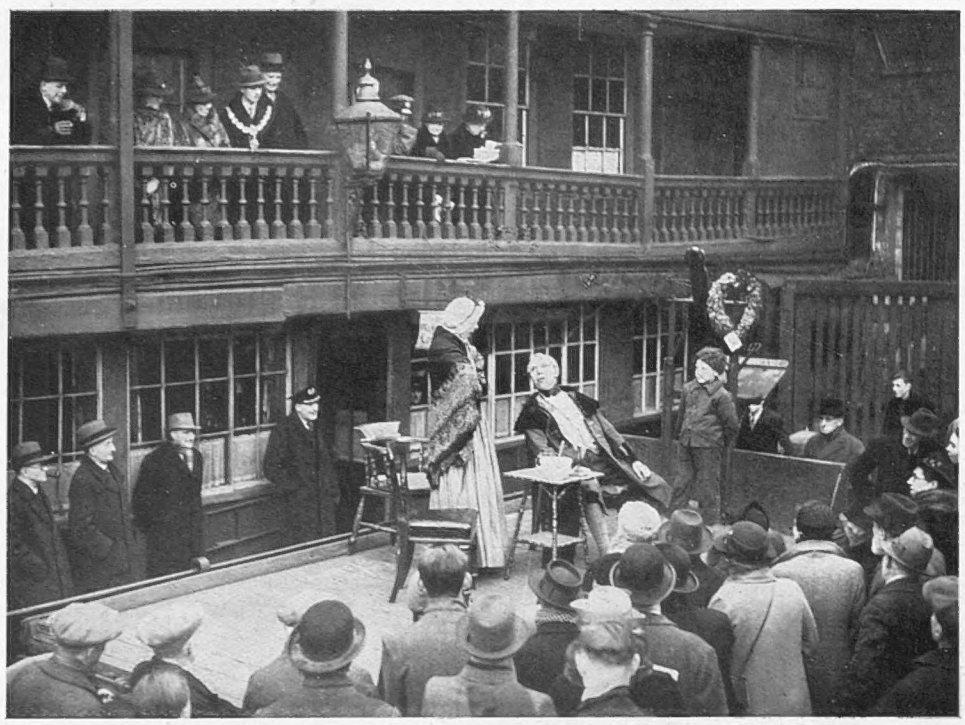
WHAT A THAW!—Old Gaffer searched his memory in vain for such a freeze-up. He searched in vain also for such a thaw. At the end of three sultry days the ground below the surface was still impermeable as iron. The roofs and the trees were cleared at last of their snow and icicles, but still the water could not get below the surface. It lay in lakes three or more inches deep on level lawns. Wherever it depended on buried pipes to get away, it was blocked by ice in them and compelled to burst its banks. Cement paths and steps were crumbling after the worst of the frost, paths were morasses laid on iron foundations, and the fields and roads that lay lowest were yellow, turgid pools, sometimes feet deep. And now the plumber comes into his own, the plumber, the tiler, and the carpenter, and the non-existent telephone linesman. It is an unhappy fact that in the unimportant south there are no telephone linesmen even to begin the work of reconstructing communications. They must be imported in gangs from the north—a thought which must disturb regional dictators. But what a debt we owe to the splendid work and initiative of the railwaymen, postmen and distributing services!

A NEW PLAYWRIGHT.—The pleasant theatre at Richmond Green is playing a new comedy of an unusual kind just now. It is called *The Impossible She*, and its author is L. E. Jones. Mr. Lawrence Jones is known to me as "Jonah"; he is an exact contemporary and an old friend and brother officer, and it is a surprise to me that he has so long delayed to "commence author." (However, William de Morgan started later with marked success.) He is a versatile man who took first-class honours, was president of the O.U.B.C., is a barrister and director of a merchant bank of great repute. In the late war he was badly wounded. His first play reveals those qualities of wit and penetration and historical sense and proportion which have long delighted his friends, and by which on informal occasions he has constantly brightened human intercourse through the media of pencil, pen and tongue. To-day it is true, thanks to the weather and the war, Richmond, Surrey, might be Richmond, Yorks, or Richmond, U.S.A., for some of us, but for those who can, I strongly recommend an early visit to Richmond Green at 7.15. The play clearly contains in full measure the wit and originality I should have expected. One critic declared it had affinities with *The Passing of the Third Floor Back*, another with *The Message from Mars*, another with the Robot plays. There is no new thing under the sun except the success of a first play on the first night and the rearrangement of what is old in human ideas and language.

"THE SPHERE" OFFER TO THE FORCES.—People at the fronts on land and sea and in the air have written to me of their difficulties in seeing copies of the paper. Their parents and friends cannot nowadays carry on that "chain-reading" of a single copy of THE SPHERE which in normal times gives it its big "hidden" circulation, and often brings the editor letters from the outposts half a year late! It is no longer permitted. Now, the editor tells me, he has met this difficulty. The publishing department will send to any member of the forces at sea or in France, at little more than half price, a copy direct:—10s. for 3 months, 19s. 6d. for 6 months. It is an offer which many parents and friends at home will, I imagine, instantly close with.

THE OLD STAGER

FROM CHARLES DICKENS in SOUTHWARK to



A FAMOUS DICKENS NOVEL ENACTED IN THE GEORGE INN YARD, SOUTHWARK

The Tabard Players have kept up their excellent custom of giving open-air dramatic versions of Charles Dickens's famous stories. This past week-end the play given was *Oliver Twist*. The stage was a lorry drawn up in front of the galleries of the old inn, the only one of its kind surviving in London. *On the left* a workhouse scene was being enacted in which Mr. Bumble discussed little Oliver's future, and *on the right* Oliver is seen being inauspiciously apprenticed to an undertaker

BLACK-OUT ENTERTAINMENT INCREASING IN LONDON AND ITS SUBURBS

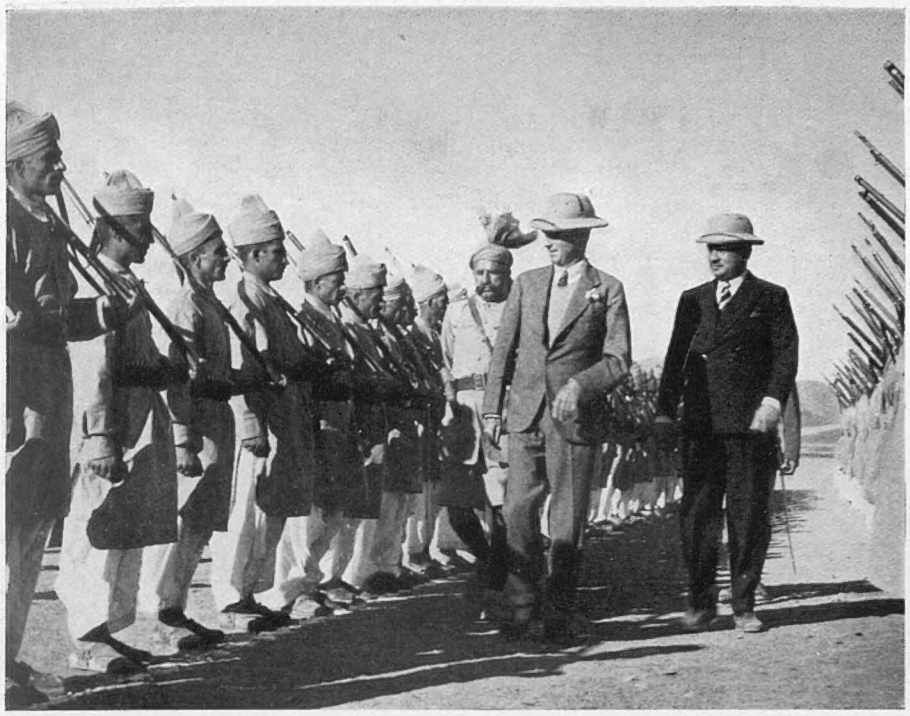
Both within the city itself and in its outer suburbs, entertainment is raising its head with increasing confidence. Play after play is being produced in the West End and the big suburban theatres. The little theatres are being especially courageous in facing the difficulties of the black-out. Witness the Chanticleer and the Torch theatres. The long dark evenings tell on everyone if there is not a proper proportion of distraction. *On the left* is the scene at a "training bee" at the local A.R.P. post at the Odeon Theatre, Wealdstone. The women beat the men in answering questions. *On the right* is an informal supper scene at the Queen's Theatre with Beatrice Lillie and friends

EXHIBITIONS OF BIRDS DRAW ORNITHOLOGISTS TO THE HORTICULTURAL HALL

Bird lovers gathered in Vincent Square recently. The Old Comrades' Racing Pigeon Show was first in the field. Harley Street specialists were among the exhibitors. There were 1,600 entries and at least 800 of them were in the pigeon service. At least 200 of the birds have been in very special reconnaissance service and had to get special leave of absence to attend the show. *On the right* is a vignette from the National Caged Birds Show in aid of the Red Cross held at the Horticultural Hall. Private H. B. Wragg, a past exhibitor who broke his leave to attend, is seen admiring "Lord Haw Haw," a talking Myna bird from the Nepal district of India

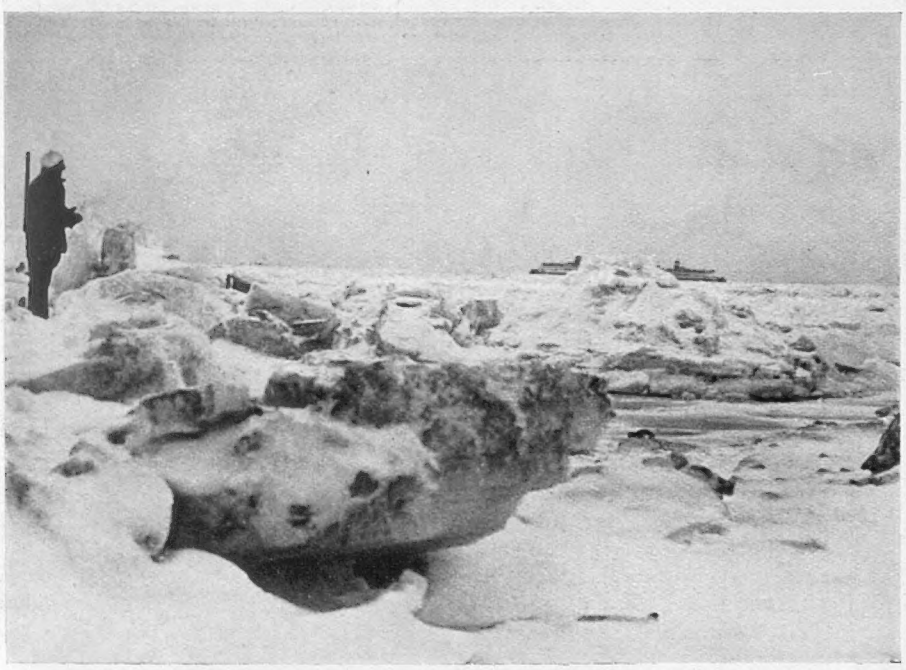
SPORT ON THE FRONTIER of INDIA :

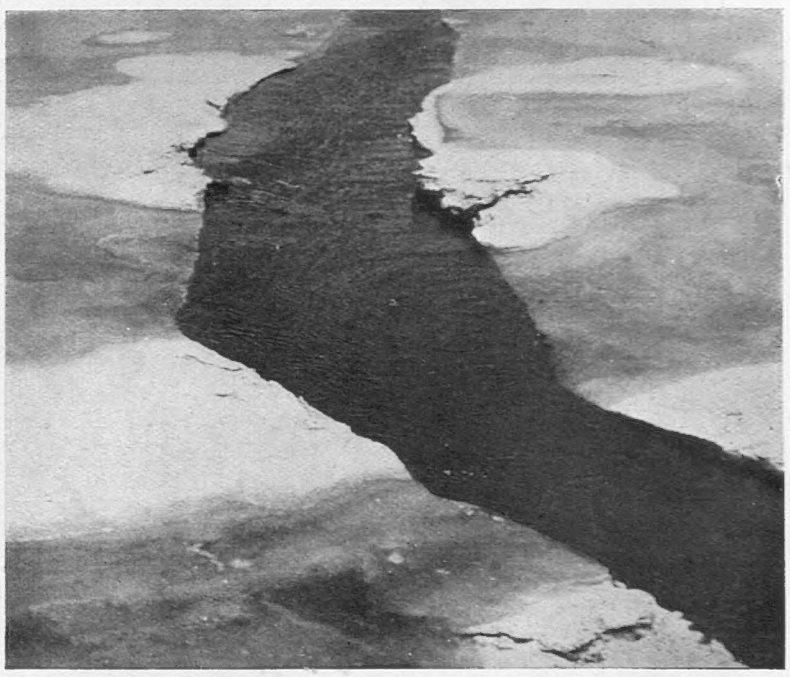
A Last Look Round at the World's News



SPORTING EVENTS TAKE PLACE ON THE NORTH-WEST FRONTIER OF INDIA

The north-west frontier of India is a land of sportsmen. Among the hills polo is played with a skill and abandon which astonishes every polo player who first encounters it. The annual sports gathering of the Khassadara has recently taken place at Landikotal, N.W.F.P., the district famous for its striking-looking fortress. *On left*—H. E. Sir Arthur Parsons, Acting Governor of N.W.F.P., is seen inspecting a guard of honour on arrival. On his left is Major Iskandar Mirza, Political Agent, Peshawar. Later Sir Arthur, as seen *on right*, presented the prizes





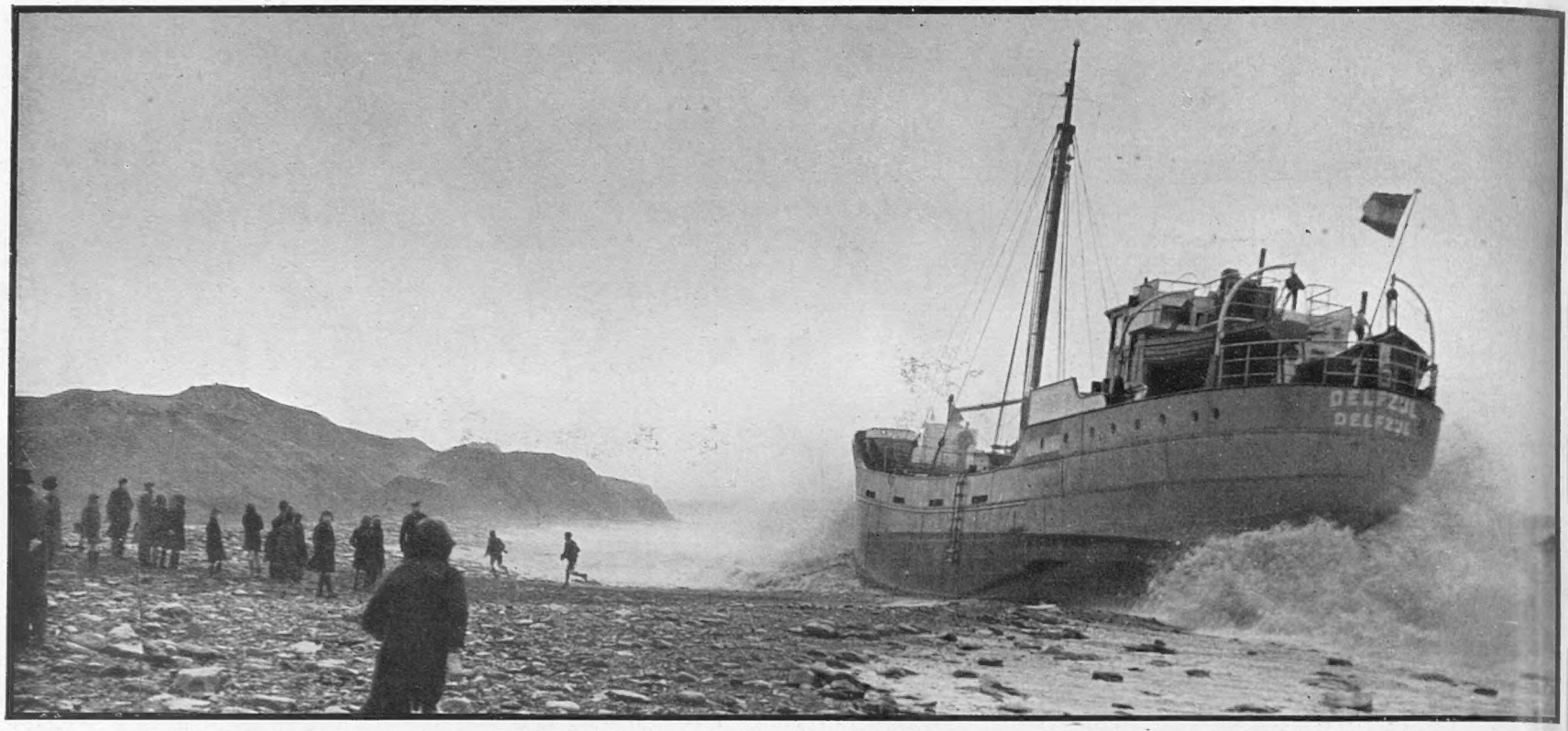
THE FREEZING-UP OF NORTH-WEST EUROPE BRINGS SHIPPING TO A STANDSTILL

The recent Arctic weather on the Continent has created great difficulties for Danish ferryboats and other shipping in the frozen waters of the Great Belt between Zealand and Funen Islands and the mainland. *On the left* is an Arctic scene in the Great Belt between Zealand and Funen Islands with ferry and ice-breaker fighting a way through the ice. *On the right* is evidence of the difficulty Germany is also encountering. She has been making desperate efforts to keep open a channel to Warnemunde but has failed. A few days ago, a party of Norwegian tourists skated across from Norway to Denmark—an unheard-of thing for centuries

AGRICULTURAL MEETINGS ARE BEING HELD IN TROUBLED EIRE

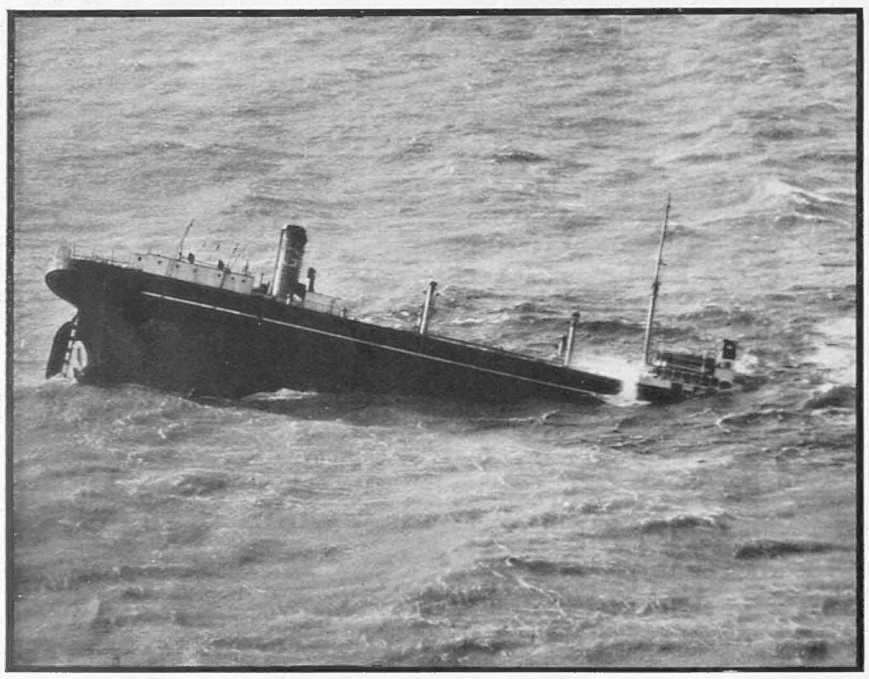
Eire is troubled because it cannot, in many sections of the community, make up its mind concerning the treatment which should be dealt out to the I.R.A., whose bombs destroy life. But for all that, the ploughing championships and other rural meetings have been held as usual. *On the left* is seen the ceremony of tossing the sheaf, an old Irish custom. Wheaten or oaten straw is neatly pulled as if it were to be used for thatch and tied in bundles to weigh 14 lb. *On the right* is Civic Guard Sam Shirley, one of Ireland's leading ploughmen, off duty, and here seen ploughing for his native county, Wicklow, at the All-Ireland Ploughing Championships at Kilkenny

FROM THE SEA: SHIPS ASHORE, and the NEW NAVY



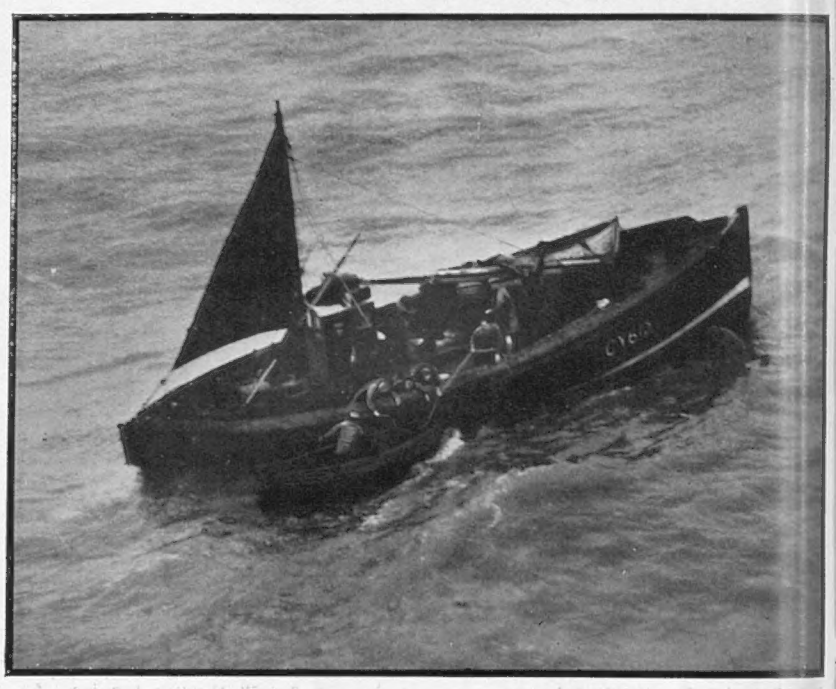
A MINOR NEUTRAL CASUALTY ON THE SCOTTISH EAST COAST TOOK PLACE A FEW DAYS AGO

The Dutch vessel *Delfzul* (300 tons) went aground on the beach of the Scottish east coast. The crew, who remained on board the vessel, are reported all to be safe. It evidently provided a welcome distraction for the local youngsters



MINED OFF THE MOUTH OF THE THAMES AND SINKING BY THE BOWS

Having located a neutral ship which had been mined off the mouth of the Thames, an aircraft of the Coastal Command kept vigilant watch while rescues were effected by naval patrols. This picture of the sinking vessel was taken by a member of the coastal plane's crew



RESCUED FROM A SHIP'S LIFEBOAT—IT CONTAINED NINE MEN

An aircraft of the Coastal Command noticed a ship's lifeboat, containing nine men, in a rough sea. The pilot made contact with the nearest coastguard. The lifeboat was already out, but a small fishing smack, guided by the R.A.F., rescued the sailors

THE NAVY'S NEW OFFICERS FOR THE DURATION

From now onwards it is the Admiralty's intention that all the temporary officers required by the Navy during the war shall be entered as ratings, with the possible exceptions of any with special qualifications, such as a diploma in engineering. All ratings after being medically examined, will be sent to a training establishment at Hove, officially known as H.M.S. *King Alfred*, for a special intensive course lasting three months

SOVIET BOMBERS DAMAGE SMALL VILLAS in FINLAND

THE STATE OF A STREET IN ROVANIEMI, FINNISH RAILHEAD WITHIN THE ARCTIC CIRCLE

On the left the blast from a crater has blown over a telegraph pole and pushed in the front of a timber house. The crater from which the blast came is shown in the picture at the bottom of the page. These neatly built little houses are of course quite unable to withstand the blast of a bomb if it falls anywhere near

SMALL TIMBER HOUSE KNOCKED ABOUT BY A SOVIET BOMB

Rovaniemi has been badly bombed by Soviet planes during recent weeks. Unfortunately in addition to minor damage to small wooden buildings, hospitals were hit and other unmilitary damage of a distressing kind accomplished

RESULTS OF AN EXPLOSION STAIN THE OUTSIDE OF A TIMBER BUILDING

The stains on the exterior woodwork do not appear to be the results of fire, but rather of some external explosion. Both buildings have been discoloured in similar fashion

The bombing of Rovaniemi has now been described by correspondents who have been to this highest point of the Finnish railway system. The inhabitants are now quite used to running to their bomb-shelters, and will sit there cheerfully enough, although the temperatures are such as would depress those not unused to them. One account describes the warning coming during a meal at a little hotel. Waitresses, staff, and guests instantly dropped whatever they were doing and ran across to the shelter. The girls maintained a merry conversation as if it were all in the day's work and, in fact, as if the affair were a party

A 750-KILO BOMB EXPLODED IN THIS STREET IN ROVANIEMI

Soviet bombers have found their way as far north as Rovaniemi and have dropped a variety of bombs on this little township which has no military value other than being the railhead of the northern Finnish lines. The houses damaged are of residents or small shopkeepers

THE COMFORTING SIDE OF THE WEEK'S WAR NEWS

The Attitude of the Neutrals, Our Complete Understanding with France, The Finnish Resistance, All Give Us Confidence

(The Strategy of the War—XXI.) By GENERAL SIR CHARLES HARINGTON, G.C.B., G.B.E., D.S.O., D.C.L.

I FEEL that all of us who try to write something about the war will have been comforted by the Prime Minister's statement to the House last week that, owing to the bitter weather, very little had happened, and that there was, therefore, little to say. That is, indeed, true of the Western Front, and from the few whom I have met on leave from there I think they must have had even worse weather than we experienced in those four years of the Ypres salient in the last war. I never believed that it could be possible.

It is also true of the home front. The A.A. and searchlight detachments in this country have had a very trying time. In conjunction with some other members of Toc H, I am engaged in the task of trying to do something for their comfort and to relieve their boredom. The organisation around the place from which I write has eight posts of some ten men each, covering an area of 60 miles. The sergeant-major tells me that it takes him 15 hrs. to get round them. As to some, he has 2 miles to walk from the nearest approach by lorry, and the rations, etc., have all to be carried. These men have to be at their posts from 4.30 p.m., or 1½ hrs. before dark. No cinemas and concerts for them, and only two wireless sets between the eight stations. I mention this because people who live within reach of these stations can really do a good deed and one which will be deeply appreciated. A cup of tea, a book, and a bath to a couple of them twice a week would be a real help. For nearly six months these men have been at their lonely posts in our fields watching the skies by day and night.

The weather has brought no respite to the gallant Finns. They have had to withstand attack after attack, and have done so manfully. They must, however, be getting very tired, and one only hopes that the help which has been promised will arrive in time to be of practical value. It looks now as if, as I said last week, the neutrals and everyone else are realising that the future of civilisation may be won on the skis of Finland.

From the Finns we must pass to the Balkans and record our appreciation of the friendly spirit in which the recent conference at Belgrade appears to have been carried out, and of the seven years' extension agreed upon. It all gives us a comfortable feeling of steadiness, and shows that the nations in that part of the world, with the help and example of Italy and Turkey, want to be left alone to live their own lives, and have no wish to be embroiled in any sort of turmoil in the world of to-day. Exactly the same views exist in Holland and Belgium and Scandinavia. All this is to the good, as it makes it so much harder for wild men who want to stir up trouble to do so if the others won't play.

We can also derive comfort from the Supreme War Council held recently in Paris. That is, in my opinion, the strongest club in our locker to-day, and Hitler knows it. What a change from last time. In a humble capacity I was present at some very unpleasant conferences both in France and London, when the feeling was far from helpful and friendly.

The recent tour of General Weygand to Turkey and Egypt gives confidence. The French were not slow in using his services and unrivalled knowledge of the Middle and Near East. I look upon General Weygand as the quickest man in decision and action I have ever known. I had many dealings with him as D.C.I.G.S. when he was Chief of the Staff to Marshal Foch. He and Lieut.-General Wavell will make a strong combination in those parts. Another note of confidence was struck by the broadcast of Lord Craigavon with regard to the true depth of the loyalty of Ulster.

A third contingent has arrived from Canada, and we hear of the progress of the formation and training of the contingents in all our great Dominions. All the above is good for Hitler to hear and realise. It is not the picture he visualised last September. It is not the picture which Von Ribbentrop gave him.

At sea and in the air the same grim struggle goes on; and our resolve is merely strengthened by the realisation of the methods adopted by our enemy as exemplified by Russian bombing of hospitals and the civilian population in Finland. It is difficult to imagine anything lower on the list of possible atrocities than the bombing of hospitals, lightships and harmless fishermen, but I suppose we shall hear of some before long. Meanwhile, Hitler's bag of neutral ships shows an increase, whilst ours remains at zero.

Success in war is only attained by the application of force at the right time and at the right place, aided, if possible, by the factor of surprise. The latter is, I think, off the board, and he is having a job to find the right time and place. It is quite true that this waiting for something to happen is very trying, but in point of fact we can afford to wait better than he can. It reminds me of a few years ago when I allotted four days of my leave from Gibraltar to attend a Test Match at Old Trafford, Manchester, between England and Australia. It rained all four days and not a ball was bowled. I suppose it is a handicap to have a cricket mind.

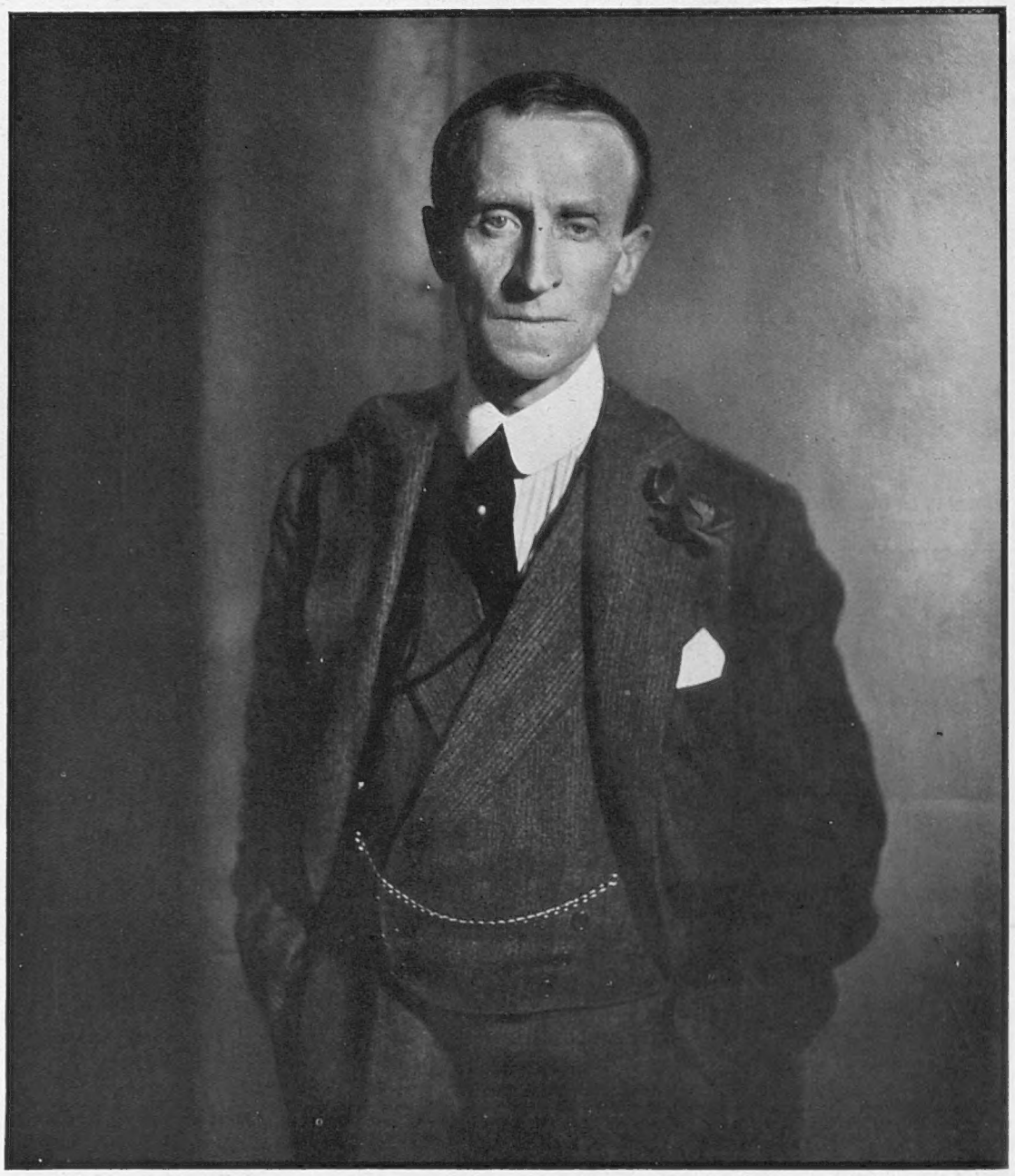
It was after attending a meeting of the M.C.C Committee a few days ago that I had a very extraordinary dream. I dreamt that it had been decided to play out this great war struggle at Lord's and that on the result the future peace of the world would be determined. I had been asked by the M.C.C. to umpire. The great day arrived. The ground was packed by people of all nations. The gates were closed. The atmosphere was tense when Hitler, who had won the toss, and Göring opened the innings. I watched with interest the placing of the Allied field. I saw that General Ironside had been selected to keep wicket, presumably so that nothing could get past him, a defensive measure. I saw Admiral Chatfield, with whom I had played cricket and hockey at Constantinople, alert at cover. M. Daladier, like W. G. Grace, was at point, Lord Halifax at long leg (specially selected), Winston Churchill, Kingsley Wood and others all in various positions, and I waited to see who the bowlers would be. Mr. Chamberlain at the Pavilion end with an action which reminded me at once of Verity, and the fast bowler at the other end was obviously Sir Dudley Pound who was prepared to emulate Larwood and go on pounding away for the duration.

The opening over was dramatic. The very first ball from Mr. Chamberlain hit Hitler on the leg and there was an appeal, not by Mr. Chamberlain alone if he did appeal, but by the whole ground. An umpire is paid to be impartial. You cannot buy an umpire except in regimental cricket, and then they are cheap. In a flash I remembered that grand old umpire, Bob Thoms, who used to say when anyone tried to bounce him, "Not out, I am not deaf, young man. Over." We had not long to wait. A few balls later Mr. Chamberlain bowled one which went straight through. Hitler was clean bowled. Up went my finger. The applause was terrific.

Hitler was out and he had to go. He glared at me as he passed. It was a wonderful moment. The innings did not last long. Göring was magnificently caught next over by Winston in the gully off Pound, Goebbels was clean bowled and the rest were rabbits. My dream of the advent of a lasting peace then came to an end except for a telephone call from my friend "Shrimp" Leveson-Gower from the Oval to say that the match should have been played at the Oval instead of at Lord's, as the gasometers at the Oval would have provided a much more suitable background for Hitler and Goebbels! Always that jealousy between Lord's and the Oval!

Sir Kingsley Wood left us with a very encouraging picture, not only of the courage and skill of our airmen, but also of the quality and efficiency of our machines and equipment and of the determination to press on with our production—production of only the very best quality. Nothing but the best will do. I feel sure that all the willing workers which he requires in our factories will be forthcoming. It will not be long now before we shall derive results from the great Empire Air Training School in Canada, in my opinion the best brainwave of the present war. I feel that we can truly derive comfort from the situation as regards the air, and we may, each of us, be truly proud to think that of 8,284 ships convoyed by the British Navy since the outbreak of war only eighteen have been lost.

In this article I have tried to take note of the main things which have happened during the past week in our preparations to carry this grim struggle through to a successful issue. I have drawn attention to several solid achievements from which we can certainly derive comfort as all being on the asset side and all going in the right direction. We have a long way to go but we shall get there all right. Hitler did not reckon on being up against the full weight and might of the allied nations. His words and threats no longer count.



THE LATE LORD TWEEDSMUIR

On Sunday last the death was announced of Lord Tweedsmuir, P.C., G.C.M.G., G.C.V.O., C.H., Governor-General of Canada. Some little time previously it had been reported that he had had a fall at Government House, Ottawa, and he succumbed after a subsequent operation. Born in Peeblesshire in 1875, he was educated at Glasgow University and Brasenose College, Oxford, after which he went to South Africa as private secretary to Lord Milner. During the last war he served on the Staff. Better known to many as John Buchan, his many works include *The Thirty-nine Steps*, *Greenmantle*, *The Runagates Club*, and *The House of the Four Winds*

BEHIND THE LINES IN FRANCE: Scenes in Paris and Outside

A FRENCH SOLDIER IN HOSPITAL IN PARIS IS DECORATED BY THE MILITARY GOVERNOR TO THE MUSIC OF TINKLING GLASSES

In the American Hospital General Lannois had just decorated Maurice Lonquet, who is recovering from wounds received on September 28. This *intime* ceremony concluded with the drinking of wine. A waggish little doll hangs over Private Lonquet's head

A BANNER IS PRESENTED BY THE TOWNSHIP TO THE COLONEL OF THE ROYAL ULSTER RIFLES

The inhabitants recently presented a regimental banner, hand-worked by the people, to the Royal Ulster Rifles in recognition of the esteem in which the battalion is held. The battalion gave a Christmas party to the children of the town with which the regiment has had previous association

A DOCTOR OF THE ROYAL AIR FORCE MAKES A KINDLY GESTURE SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE

In this little French interior scene we see the doctor just completing an examination of his little patient. The little girl was suffering from rather a bad chill

THE GUNHOW, OR 25-POUNDER, WHICH HAS DEVELOPED A DUAL CHARACTER —PART GUN, PART HOWITZER

Known as the "Gunhow," this most modern weapon of the British Army combines the best features of the field-gun and the howitzer. It can *project* a 25-lb. shell at high velocity. Or it can *hurl* the same missile to a great height so that it may crash usefully behind earthworks or into trenches. The different effects are obtained by varying both the angle of the barrel and the amount of the explosive

THE GUNS

Described for "The

THE MIGHTY 9·2-IN. HOWITZER, THE LARGEST SEEN IN ENGLAND

"I have observed young at 8 miles with the first our commentator. Here British Army's largest monsters in a 200 yard across the horizon

A GUNHOW SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE

Hidden away under the natural growth of pollard willows it will do its dual task

MANY people were surprised at the remarkable mobility and beauty of the British Army's ordnance when our fighting forces emerged from their long retirement last year. Those business-like mountings, on the smooth, oversize tyres, those delicate barrels, that absence of ungainly levers, bolts and controls provided a striking contrast with preconceived notions of big artillery. It is true that our Army has entered this war with far better and more up-to-date guns, comparatively speaking, than the first B.E.F. possessed in 1914. At that time our enemies were many years, almost a generation, ahead of us. Our artillery had not been changed in basic design since Ladysmith Bitterly, we were taught to seek improvements at all costs; it is fortunate that afterwards, unlike some other specialist corps, the Royal Artillery was encouraged to continue its forward march.

Not only have our big guns been modernised and "beautified" in recent years. An entirely new principle in artillery has been developed. I refer to the evolution of the so-called "Gunhow," a combination of the field-gun proper and the howitzer.

The first gun in history, Friar Bacon's, was a mortar, that is, a solid round pot containing gunpowder with a missile on top of it. Then came the cannon, a movable barrel with a shot inserted and a charge at one end. This developed into to-day's field-gun which is adjusted for range according to the elevation of the barrel. But that first mortar and its descendants are adjusted for range according to the amount of the explosive charge Finally, the howitzer combined the best of both types, since its range could be modified either by moving the barrel or by altering the amount of explosive.

It must also be explained that the mortar and the howitzer, short, sturdy weapons pointed high, acted very much on the catapult principle. They hurled a shell into the air, and in due course it fell on a target. The field-gun, on the other hand, projected a shell at a target. So we come to the "Gunhow."

This combines the best of the field-gun and the howitzer. It has a long range, wide split traverse and a high rate of fire. But a varying series of charges enable it to obtain howitzer effect also. With the two means of measuring range, it has a high degree

A BIG GUN ON MONSTER BALLOON PNEUMATIC TYRES OF SPECIAL TYPE

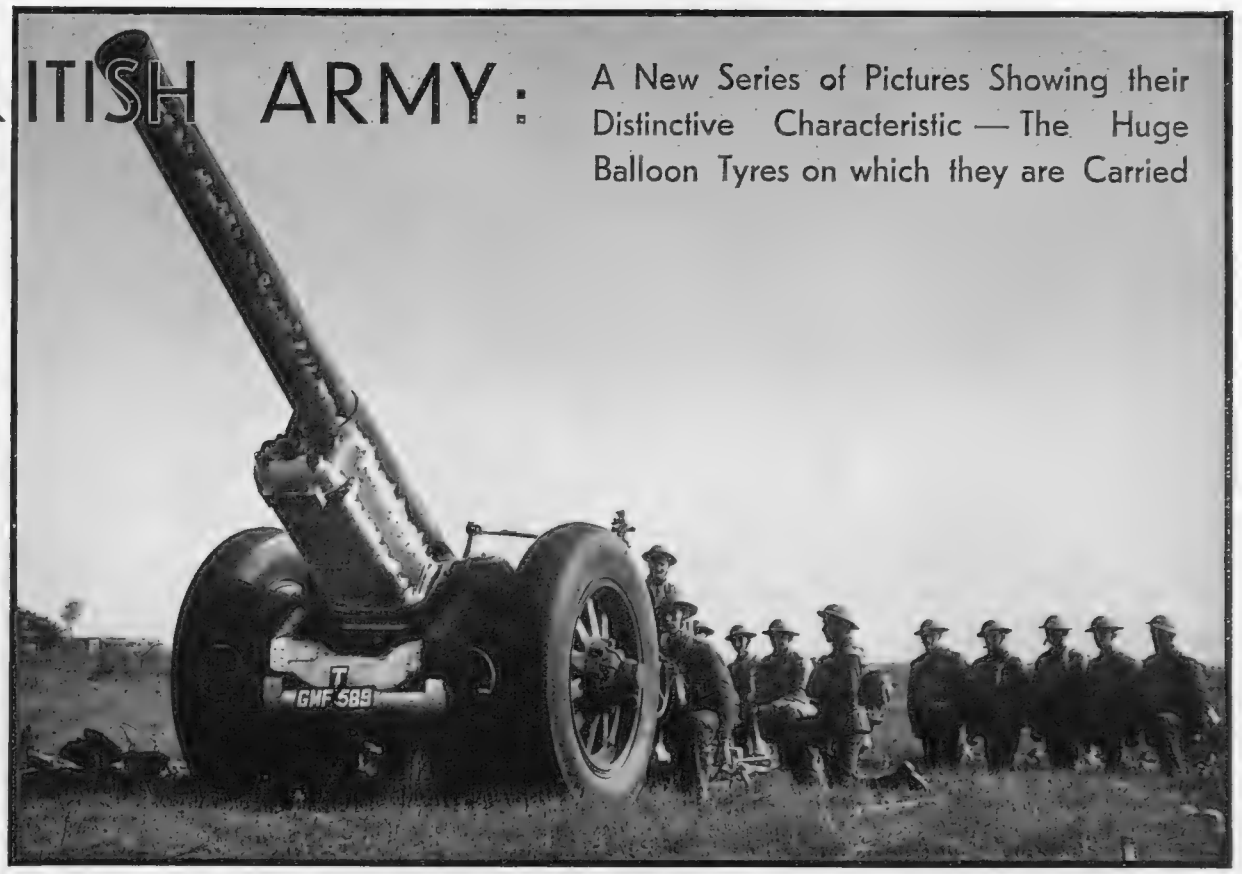
The picture was obtained at the moment of firing this new piece—another example of British heavy guns on pneumatic tyres

OF THE BRITISH ARMY:

A New Series of Pictures Showing their Distinctive Characteristic — The Huge Balloon Tyres on which they are Carried

Sphere" by Donald Cowie

Yeomanry gunners on Salisbury Plain hit a target round from their mighty 9·2-in. howitzer," says are the guns in question, the biggest line-up of the howitzers ever seen in England. Twelve of the row flung half a ton of projectiles in one salvo Four men are needed to carry a single shell



ACTING AS A "HOW" THIS BIG 6-IN. GUN IS POINTING SKYWARDS

Increased mobility is one of the chief improvements in modern artillery, and these pictures demonstrate the main factor responsible, namely the oversize pneumatic tyre. Even the light field-guns have tyres of massive girth. Another type of tyre, of an entirely new pattern, high as a man, is seen on the great gun above. The details of guns such as this, if they could be revealed, would surprise many people

ACTING AS A GUN THIS BIG 6-IN. WEAPON POINTS ITS MUZZLE HORIZONTALLY

The types of gun with which the British Army is now equipped have to be seen to be believed

of accuracy; and while it could be employed to blast the concrete of the Siegfried Line to pieces, it could also drop nicely aimed "depth charges" among the beleaguered personnel on the other side.

The British Army has a great number of 25-pounder "Gunhows," that have largely replaced the 18-pounder gun and the 4·5-in. howitzer. They are comely weapons, mounted on pneumatic carriages, and drawn by six-wheeled tractors, that are also equipped to extract them from difficult ground.

Then our Army has the highly efficient 8-in. howitzer, which can both fire a 200-lb. shell and travel at over 20 m.p.h. over flat ground. The 60-pounder field-gun, for counter-battery work, is another beautiful piece, designed with the smoothness of a high-grade rifle.

Perhaps we have not concentrated upon great size so much as efficiency and usefulness, but are second to none in naval guns, and these have their land uses. One 16-in. piece weighs 105 tons and fires a ton shell.

Nevertheless, our ordnance experts have not outpaced the gunners themselves, deadly fellows for aim. I have observed young Yeomanry gunners on Salisbury Plain hit a target at eight miles with the first round from their mighty 9·2-in. howitzer. They are also shrewd dissemblers, and already pastmasters in the new art of intensive artillery camouflage, assisted by yet another development, the improved smoke shell, that can be tactfully used to waft an impenetrable curtain round an exposed position.

As for our Allies, the progress that they have made in recent years has already been demonstrated on the Western Front. Many observers have testified to the superiority of the French over the Germans in sporadic artillery duels. Under the concentrated and superior fire of the French guns, enemy attempts to move the French from chosen positions have failed consistently. This applied especially to Saarbrücken in the early weeks of the war, where the Germans vainly poured thousands of shells on the high plateau of Spicheren. But such is the variety and excellence of French artillery that the subject will require a special article in order to set the matter properly before the reader

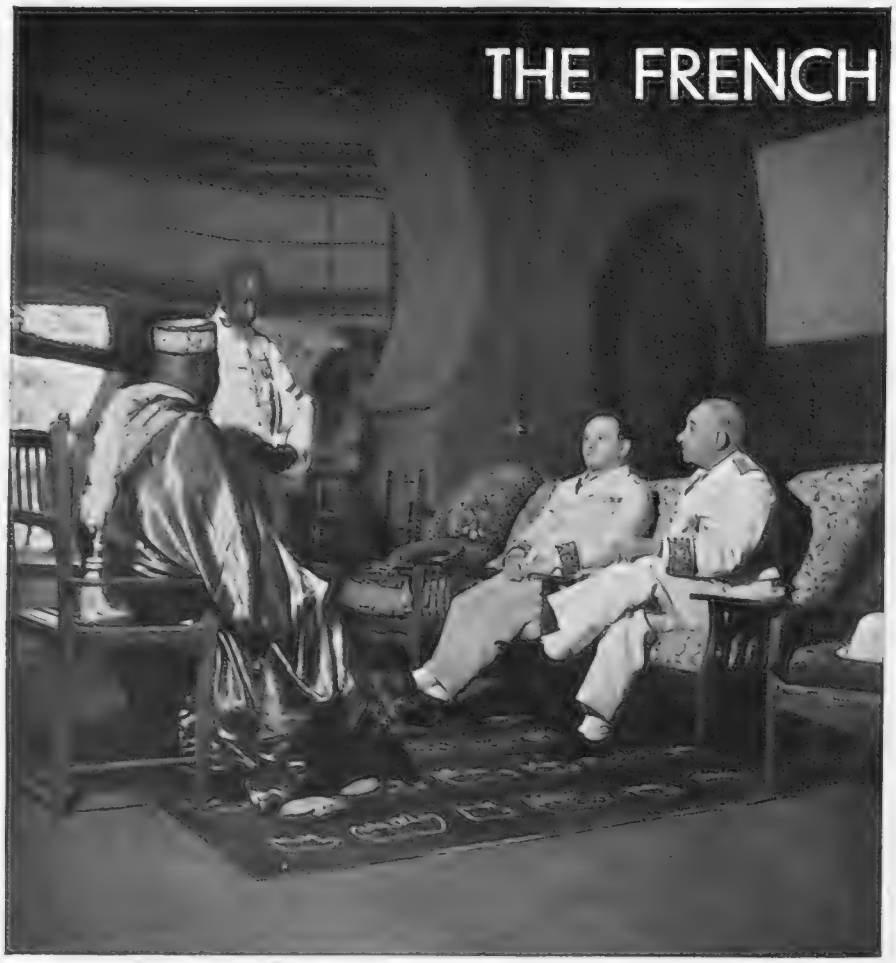
A LIGHTER GUN, WELL TYRED, IS HELPED OUT OF ROUGH GROUND

These lighter guns are often assisted in this way by six-wheeled tractors

THE FRENCH COLONIES GO TO WAR

Coincident with the Arrival of the French Colonial Forces in the Front Line Comes a Description of these Remarkable Troops

By HARRY J. GREENWALL



COLONIAL FRANCE INTERVIEWS A WEST AFRICAN CHIEF

The Moroli Naba has given his consent that his subjects of military age should join the French Colonial Army, and the Governor of the Ivory Coast has come to Ouagadougou to thank the Emperor for his loyalty to France

THE French censor has been pleased to release the information that French colonial troops have now reached the front lines. I am in a position to amplify that statement rather considerably. The late General Mangin, commanding the famous "Iron Division" of colonial troops which struck a decisive blow on the Western Front in World War No. 1, once said: "France is a nation of 100,000,000 people." He was adding 60,000,000 to the population of France, and he was right, because he was dreaming of a vast colonial population which makes up what is known as the Third French Colonial Empire. The general was dreaming of men who would stand behind—and if necessary in front of—the Maginot Line and defend *la patrie* against the only real enemy France knows. General Mangin and André Maginot died before the dream came true, but it is already in train for fulfilment.

From all parts of the world men are pouring in to make the dream come true: black men, brown men, yellow men are marching. They come from Asia and leave their homes while the temple bells of Indo-China ring; they come from the heart of blackest Africa, as well as from the east and west coasts of that continent. The *muezzins* in the mosques of Morocco chant their prayers while the cavalry on their swift-moving Arab steeds wheel and turn. Tunisia and Algeria muster their sons, while from French islands, large and small, scattered in the Pacific, Indian and Atlantic Oceans, sons of France, whatever be their colour, follow the throbbing drums which call them to war.

In the last war the French Colonial Empire provided 300,000 fighting men, 200,000 labourers, 2,500,000 tons of goods and about 1,000,000,000 gold francs. Before this war is much older the Colonial Empire of France will have excelled its effort of a quarter of a century ago.

This does not mean that the whole of the French colonial machine is being directed towards the German frontiers. The effort far exceeds even that. See, for instance, the part played by General Weygand, the man who organised the Polish Army of 1922 when it defeated the invading Russians. After a brief mission to Turkey, General Weygand and his opposite number, Lieutenant-General Sir Archibald Wavell, organised an army to co-operate with the Egyptian and Turkish Armies, should a drive be made on the oilfields of Iran or Iraq. General Weygand, from his headquarters in Beirut, had under his orders all the colonial and French Metropolitan forces in Syria and Lebanon, an important slice of what we call the Middle East.

That is a mere "side show," big and important as it is. There is always the Colonial Empire to look after. In the last war Germans actively, but unsuccessfully, tried to create insurrection in French North Africa. So far there are no visible signs of similar attempts, but . . .

The frontiers of the empire need guardianship, and who should guard them better than the sons of the desert whose frontiers are also those of France. From Dakar, on the French West Coast of Africa, to Casablanca, in Western Morocco, there is a 2,000-mile road known in the French Colonial Office as the "Piste Impériale." This important African thoroughfare is guarded day and night by the "gourmis," sons of the desert, who were but recently members of unruly tribes raiding the very districts the "Piste Impériale" crosses; to-day they are soldiers of France, armed with modern rifles and patrolling the Piste, not on swift Arab ponies or ruminating camels, but riding back to back in modern motor lorries, policing the road as straight and smooth as the famed Route Nationale of France.

The "Piste Impériale" was begun less than five years ago; in fact, just after the pacification of Western Morocco, which automatically followed the end of the Riff campaign. To-day the road taps the rice, cotton, wheat, cocoa, coffee, tobacco, rubber, oil, salt, iron, and wood-producing colonies of French West Africa, and takes the produce northwards in safety to the great port of Casablanca.

During the Spanish Civil War the Germans were known to be very active in Spanish Morocco, whose subjects are nominally those of the Sultan of Morocco, who is an adherent to the French cause. Now that relations with Spain are so much better, there is less danger from this quarter, but it will be readily understood that the French Colonial Army is not taking any chances, so here again there is an important matter to which the troops are attending. A little more than a year ago there were fairly serious incidents in Algeria which were traceable to foreign influences. To-day everything is peaceful and quiet in Algeria, where practically the whole population is turning its activities to the war; yet in Algeria even the French Colonial Army is on guard.

Relations between France and Italy are improving greatly. It is just a year ago that there was grave tension, when the garrison in Tunisia had to be strongly reinforced. Thanks to the improvement in the relationship between the two Latin countries, French colonial troops and colonial produce can now move unhindered northwards or eastwards along the Mediterranean.

The King of Cambodia, a political division of French Indo-China, has two sons serving in France. Joss sticks burn in the temples of neighbouring Annam, whose Emperor has sent thousands of his sturdy little yellow men marching to the Marseillaise.

Right in the heart of Africa, big chiefs are declaring war on Hitler. Many sons of these chiefs are now in the horizon blue uniforms; soldiers of France. French doctors visit the native villages and run a medical rule over these primitive sons of Africa, who within a few weeks are using toothbrushes and learning to march in quarter columns.

From Senegal come the giant negroes who are as docile as children. In camps "somewhere in France" these huskies are training for the downfall of Nazism. It is a strange thought, but perhaps not quite as strange as all that, because these primitive men are not entirely ignorant of Hitler. Dr. Goebbels has been pretty busy in the past with his insidious propaganda, and it is a known fact that *Mein Kampf* was translated into Arabic and distributed gratis in the bazaars of Morocco, Tunisia, and Algeria.

France is perhaps less Empire conscious than we are. It is not a usual thing for a younger son (or any other member of the family) to go and seek his fortune overseas. The structure and organisation of the French Colonial Empire is built on a base entirely different to ours. French political students remind one that France has been too threatened in Europe to be able to develop her empire, but, as I shall relate in a moment, an intensive effort has been accomplished since the advent of the Daladier Government, and French colonial history echoes with the cryptic wisecracks of celebrated Frenchmen who in one way and another—have criticised the development of their colonial empire. Did not Voltaire express a wish that Canada should go to the bottom of the sea? Then Choiseul, who ceded Canada to the British, boasted how he had "caught" them.

The French planned and made the Suez and Panama Canals, but the British obtained the one and the Americans the other, and it is strange to learn that the French Colonial Office has only been a separate entity since 1894.

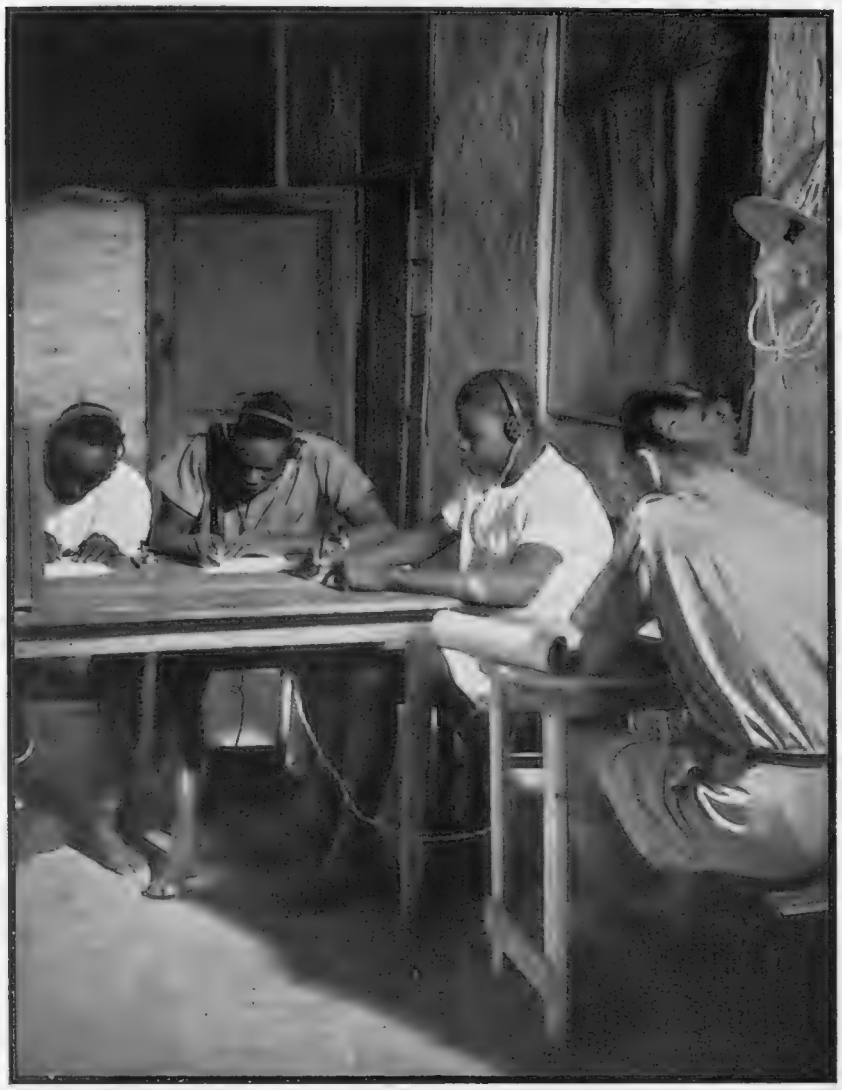
It needed a strong man with a vivid imagination to revive the flagging interest in the Third French Colonial Empire, and students of history may remark that the man who did this job is in a direct line with Georges Clemenceau, the old "Tiger" who revived France on a bad tide in war fortunes and steered the ship of state to victory.

In a small map-lined office on the left bank of the Seine, in Paris, there is a bronze statuette of Clemenceau, which stands on a table behind which sits a short man, the Colonial Minister, Georges Mandel, who was at one time editor of Clemenceau's last war newspaper, and later his political secretary. Georges Mandel is the man who has put new life and drive into this gigantic French colonial war effort, of which I have told something in this article. It is important to know that this effort is scheduled to accomplish the most original and important moves that this war may know, but I hear the tread of the censor's footsteps

A TYPICAL SCENE IN THE MILITARY LIFE OF THE FRENCH COLONIES

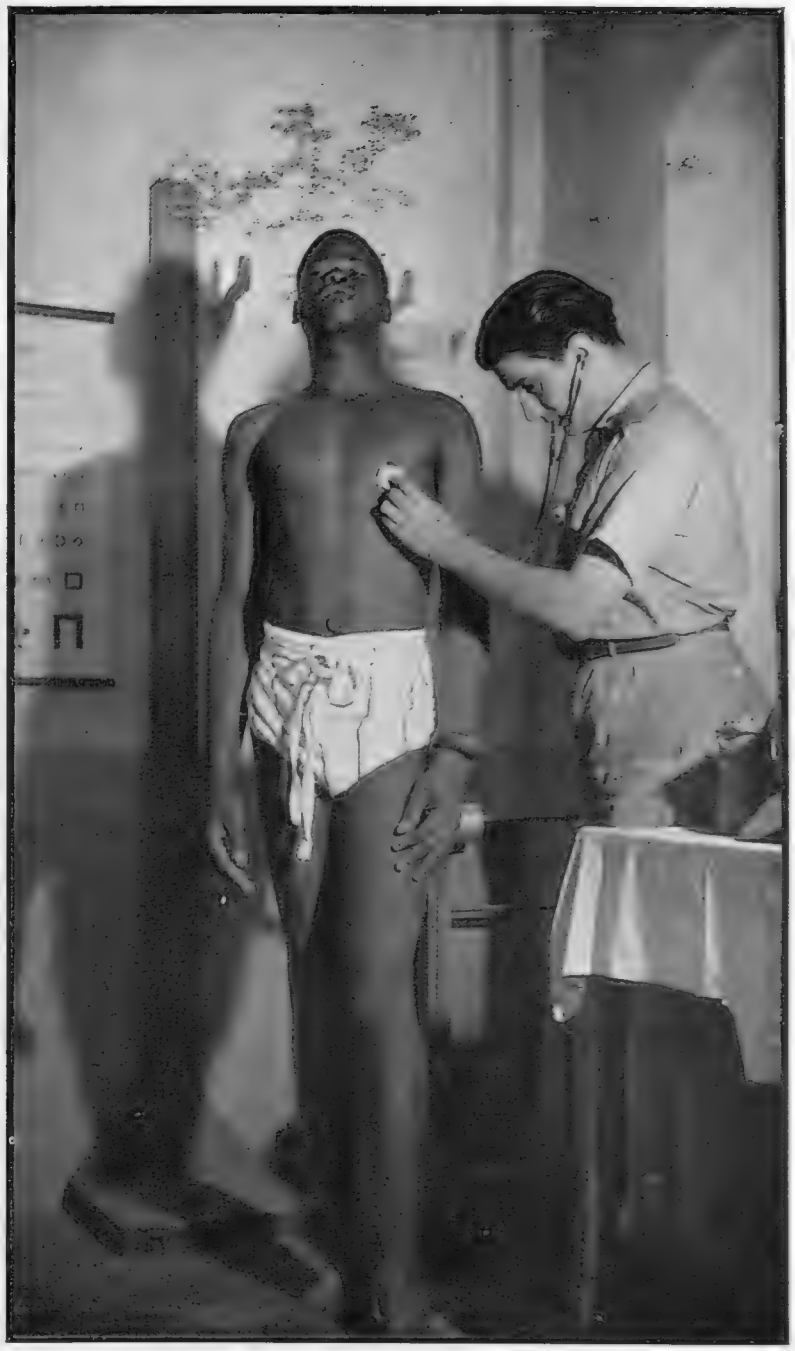
The native troops are marching by the Governor of the Gold Coast in review; a gathering of white-clad natives lines the route. This scene took place in Ouagadougou

THE COLONIAL TROOPS OF FRANCE ROLL UP : *Scenes from the French Sudan*



RECEIVING A WIRELESS COURSE AT A MILITARY POST IN HAUTE VOLTA

The young natives hitherto have only hunted guinea fowls in the bush with the bow, but they soon learn how to handle a rifle and a machine-gun; they also receive a wireless course



EXAMINED BY A DOCTOR—THE MOSSI PEOPLE ARE OF MAGNIFICENT PHYSIQUE

The recruits, who are nearly all perfect specimens of muscular manhood, are examined by a French Army doctor and after being pronounced fit undergo military training

TWO SOLDIERS OF THE MOSSI READY TO EMBARK FOR FRANCE

The recruiting and training of native soldiers in the French Sudan takes place very largely among the subjects of the Moroli Naba, Emperor of the Mossi people, whose ancestors have ruled this country (Haute Volta, or Upper Volta in English maps) for 1,000 years. The population is about 2,000,000. The Emperor lives in a palace in his capital city of Ouagadougou. The night before the departure of the troops for France, a native farewell dance around the camp fire takes place. The training is at Mangin military camp

UNDER FRENCH ARMY TUITION, THE GUNNERS SOON LEARN THEIR WORK

WITH THE B.E.F. IN FRANCE IN ALL WE

IN FAIR, IN
IN SNOW

By CAPTAIN DONALD

A RELIEF PARTY ADVANCING ALONG A DUCK-BOARDED TRENCH IN FRANCE

Everywhere trenches have been perfected with brushwood revetments, fire-steps and arm-rests on the perfectly laid sandbags. The duck boards were necessary until frost held everything in its icy grip

"DIG FOR VICTORY!" is one of the things we are urged to do at home. Digging in preparation for victory is also one of the most important present occupations of the British Expeditionary Force in France. Trenches and anti-tank traps are being dug, and roads are being made serviceable for heavy guns and streams of supply lorries.

The trenches are much the same as those of the last war, zig-zagged ditches about 8 ft. deep, along which men can walk without exposing themselves to the enemy's rifle and machine-gun fire, with a "fire-step" on the forward side to stand on in repelling attacks. The revetting is done with brushwood or corrugated iron sheets and angle-iron uprights. Strong points are made stronger with concrete.

The road-work being done by infantry and pioneer battalions consists mainly of improving the surfaces of existing roads, and widening them. The surfaces of the widened roads are top-dressed with tarmac, as at home. Tar is messy stuff to handle, it gets on one's clothes—and stays there. This is a serious matter for soldiers, whose self-respect is damaged when their turn-out cannot be smart.

In theory a regiment's clothing is always uniform: in fact, in this war, as in previous wars, that ideal is not always attainable. In theory, all officers and men of the B.E.F. are clothed in "battle-dress," a sort of khaki ski-ing suit consisting of a blouse and trousers held tight round the ankle by short gaiters. In fact, many men are still clothed in what is known as "field-service dress," consisting of tunic and trousers of the pattern used in the last war and now worn at home for "walking-out." This lack of uniformity, which all good soldiers hate, is fast disappearing as new clothing arrives to replace garments worn, torn, and tarred on service. The vast task to be performed by our clothing industry will be appreciated when it is remembered that by the end of this year the British Army will have 3,000,000 men under arms.

Although small units working with the French have had sharp encounters with the enemy, the B.E.F. as a whole has not yet seen action; nevertheless, all the men out there deserve sympathy and gratitude from their friends living snugly at home, for the discomforts they are cheerfully enduring. Imagine a thickly populated district suddenly having an extra 500,000 people sent to live in it. Not nearly enough houses exist to accommodate these immigrants, who must therefore make the best of what shelter they can find in disused factories and the like, which are not easy to heat.

Sympathy and gratitude are due also to the French population among whom this army has suddenly come to live. However well-behaved men may be—and no army was ever more gentlemanly than the present B.E.F.—some damage cannot be avoided. Lanes and stable-yards are turned into quagmires by armoured vehicles; orchards must be cut down to give fields-of-fire. Yet, though compensation and billeting money are payable for these inconveniences, the good French householder is often too proud a host to accept any indemnity.

This spirit of Anglo-French friendship in a common cause—happy augur of success in building an enduring peace after the victory—is exemplified by the fact that men in the battle-zone, when given half a day's leave to enjoy themselves in the local town, often prefer to spend their free hours with the farmer and his family in whose house they were billeted before going up the line.

Rations are ample and excellent. Baking is done in "Aldershot ovens," semi-circular improvisations built on the ground with curved, corrugated-iron, plastered over with mud. Detached working parties receive their hot midday meals in asbestos containers, made on the hay-box principle.

The usual games—football, baseball, basket-ball—are played. One regiment took advantage of this cold spell by playing ice-hockey on the village pond. No skates were available, but iron-shod boots were found to give ample slipperyness—and falls.

Postal arrangements are in the hands of reservists whose civil occupation is that of postmen. Letters take four to five days to reach home, which is pretty fast in the circumstances. The average of letters handled is one per man per day (three per man per day during Christmas), which is evidence of the improved education of the nation.

The fighting formations of the Army are organised in ever-decreasing sub-sections of three. That is, a division consists of three brigades, two for front-line

SUNSHINE FALLS ON A PARTY PRACTISING TRENCH MORTAR FIRING FROM A LANE

This form of warfare has been assiduously practised in the B.E.F. area, together with grenade throwing and revolver practice

ATHERS FOUL, AND AND FROST

ANDERSON

work and one in reserve. In the same way, a brigade consists of three battalions. A battalion—to vary the rule—has four companies. A company has three platoons. A platoon has three sections, each of seven privates commanded by a junior non-commissioned officer. These infantrymen are armed with Bren guns, rifles, revolvers, heavy and light mortars, and anti-tank rifles; a company armed with anti-tank guns accompanies each brigade.

The tanks are served by the Royal Tank Regiment and regiments which earned their fame till 1918 as Dragoon Guards, Hussars and Lancers. Tanks include three types—"medium-heavies" for leading the attack, "lights" to speed round flanks as did the cavalry of old, and "infantry tanks" which move with the foot soldiers and have the duty of knocking out machine-gun nests. The tank men are now busy polishing up their gunnery and driving skill. War has been described as weeks of boredom interspersed with minutes of intense excitement. The B.E.F. has not yet experienced excitement; but the spirit and preparations of the troops are boiling up to a point at which the excitement will be intensely dangerous to the Germans on the day they decide to attack, if their aggressive urge has not evaporated before that day arrives.

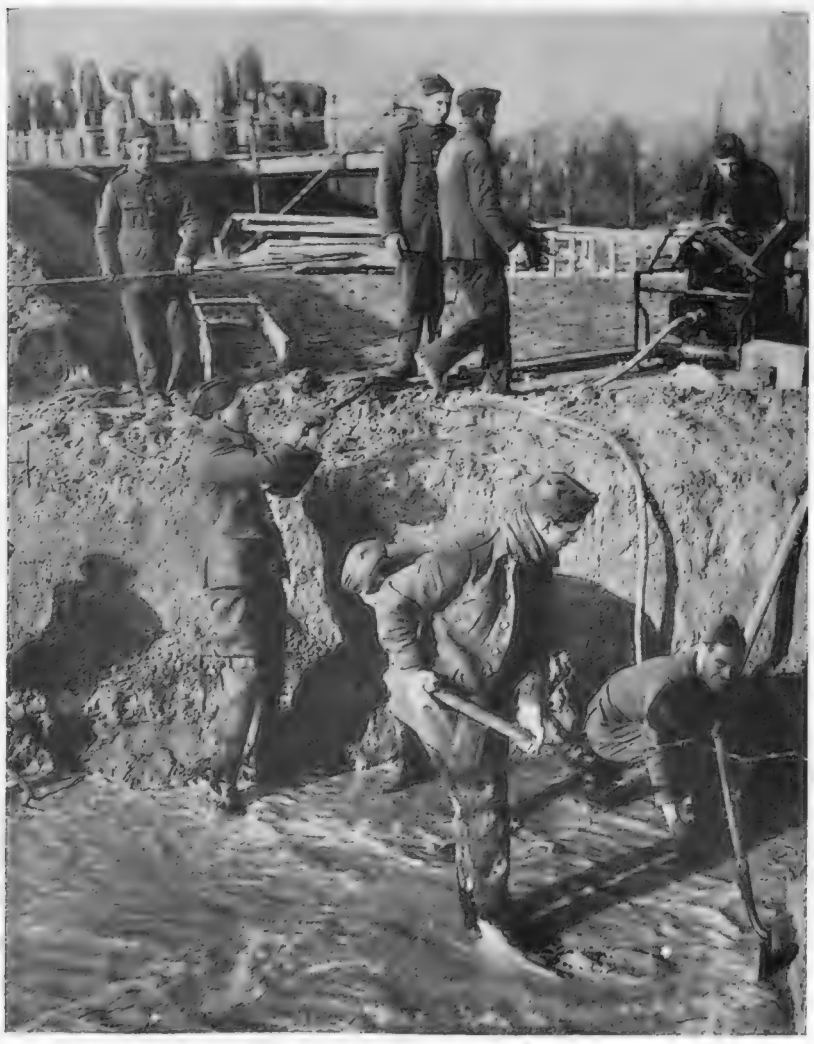
BY THE OLD STONE WALL OF THE FARM LIES A HAY-STACK—OR IS IT REALLY A HAY-STACK?

The lorry has been backed up to a shelter and is being effectively covered with straw. Soon the farm will look quite usual from the prying eyes in the air

AT THE SIDE OF A BIG MEADOW UNDER THE SHADOW OF TREES THIS TRENCH WAS CAMOUFLAGED

In such a position the trench would not be easy to spot from the air, but things have been made doubly sure by the use of netting covering the trench from end to end

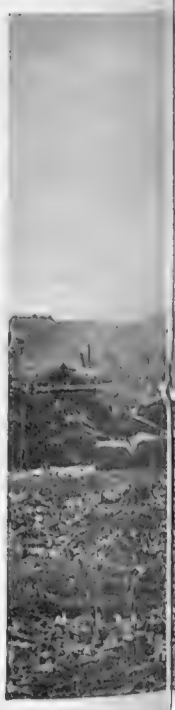
WITH THE B.E.F. IN FRANCE
IN FOUL WEATHER



Spells of rain have been comparatively scarce recently in the B.E.F. section of the Western Line. But when it has come it has been heavy enough to make the groundsheet very desirable as a cape. It is fitted with a button to make it easily convertible. This column is marching up towards a front line position

What a farm road can look like after a spell of heavy rain is well shown here. In addition to their rifles the men are carrying spades and a Bren gun for defence if it should become necessary during their trench digging operations

Above—Through a muddy trackway the team is pushing an anti-tank gun. *On left* troops are having to tackle the water which has invaded some newly-built trenches



PEACE AND WAR ON A FRENCH FARM

When off duty the men behind the lines will help the local inhabitants with their field work. Here, above, are some Tommies assisting the removal of a crop, while further away from the spectator is an anti aircraft gun, preparing to go into action if required

Troops of the B.E.F. have entered a camouflaged French village in order to be billeted there. They are awaiting distribution among the cottages lining the village roadway. The screens cut up the appearance of the roadway from the air

On left—The weather during the January snow period was strenuous enough in itself, but it did not stop the continual improvement of positions along the line. Barbed-wire emplacements are being constructed perpetually

On right—Silhouetted against a wintry dawn is a tractor hauling a gun into position, and ground mist hangs over the snow-covered country. Everywhere the gun protection has become stronger with the passing weeks

WITH THE B.E.F. IN FRANCE

UNDER SNOW

A SNIPER OF THE WARWICKSHIRE REGIMENT TAKES UP A POSITION IN A TREE

The enemy have been showing considerable skill in all kinds of patrol work in no-man's land, where sniping from varieties of cover is the work of the day. These efforts are being effectively countered; quietude of movement is being perfected on both sides

THE FILM IN WAR-TIME

The Story of the Great Revival in British Films after the Passing of the First Strangling Effects of the War

By NOEL THOMPSON

WILL the outbreak of war, which proved such a paralysing ill wind to the British film industry, eventually go far beyond the proverb and blow everybody concerned a lot of good? There are indications that it will. In fact, the war may prove the rationalising jog needed to drive sense into an industry which has not hitherto been overburdened with that valuable commodity.

John Corfield in his office

A study of Michael Balcon

The day after war was declared almost every studio in the country shut down with a snap. Plans for future films were discarded in the haste of departure for healthier climes. Stars and producers conveniently forgot about contracts. Expensive stories were shelved indefinitely. Even the Quota Act, due to be continued, changed or scrapped next month, and the interminable arguments about it, hurriedly dropped out of discussions. And now? It looks as though the British studios are going to be busier than they have been for years and we are going to see a larger proportion of British pictures on our screens than ever before.

The panic would have been funny if it had not been so tragic for the small part players, the extras and the technicians. One firm informed their staff with a brief note—"Mr. So and So has sailed for America." In another firm a friend of mine was down at his studio offices by 11 a.m. on Monday, September 4. He arrived in time to see his name being taken down from the door and the name of an executive seeking safety being painted up instead. Men seemed to get their notice in inverse proportion to their length of service.

Two men kept very cool, Mr. John Corfield, of British National Films, and Mr. Michael Balcon, of Ealing Studios. They held similar views, and not only kept on with their schemes, but developed them. In fact, Mr. John Corfield, who had five films in mind, immediately planned for twelve to be made in about the same time. Michael Balcon needs no introduction. Neat, dark, dapper and permanently young looking, he is a pioneer of the film industry and, as production chief to Gaumont British until a few years ago, he held an unrivalled position. To carry on uninterrupted was just what you would expect of him.

John Corfield is comparatively a newcomer. He studied for the Bar, fought in the Army in the last war, became a diplomat, went into the City and then left it in order to look after a herd of Guernsey cattle. He was proud of that herd. Then he was inveigled into making sound equipment and running a small film-renting concern. Realising the profits, he started making cheap pictures.

A few months later he was in Bermuda when Lady Yule arrived in her yacht, the *Nahlin* (which the Prince of Wales, as he then was, chartered for his Mediterranean cruise shortly before the abdication). Lady Yule and John Corfield went to a cinema and Lady Yule commented very adversely on a British film which was shown. It was one which John Corfield had produced. They argued, and finally after pointing out the difficulties in British film production, Corfield said he would produce a good film if the money was forthcoming.

It was a year before they met again, and Lady Yule reminded him of his promise. British National Pictures was formed, under the urging and with the financial backing of Lady Yule, and *Turn of the Tide*, a really good film but not a great financial success, was the result. Thenceforward single pictures followed, the latest being *The Sby in Black*, with Conrad Veidt and Valerie Hobson. And so it came to the reopening of Denham, the biggest studios in the country, for a Corfield picture.

The efforts of Balcon and Corfield have meant far more than carrying on an industry. By setting the example they have given a chance of livelihood again to thousands of extras and technicians. The life of an extra and a paid-by-the day-man is, at the most, hazardous. The fee for an extra is a guinea, of which a shilling goes to the agent. Out of the remainder must come fares, clothes and food, which means that the net gain is round about 13s. for casual work. And they must look smart and be fit. Little wonder that one company recently has been supplying free food to all extras who were literally starving. Fainting on the set, and working from sheer necessity when not fit are common.

What were the reasons why these two men carried on, and what were they facing? Every cinema in the country was closed down, and so there was no prospect of revenue. America remained the most uncertain of markets. But, it was argued, the last war saw an eventual boom in entertainment, and the cinema has largely taken the place of the theatre. A tin can of film can be easily transported, but masses of scenery and costumes cannot. Further, America relies on her own country to get back production costs and on Great Britain for most of the profits. We could not export the currency for American films, and so there would be a shortage of American products (as indeed will be evident when the present series of Hollywood films, completed as long ago as last June, are exhausted).

There was no British film production, and who was going to supply the vital light entertainment? Obviously it was a national service to carry on, and so Messrs. Balcon and Corfield did so. Others have now followed suit and within a month every film producing company in this country, American included, will be at work.

The result of the war has been to cut down receipts in the West End by 25 per cent. The best films are taking as much as ever, but the ordinary run is down at the box office. On the other hand, evacuation has spread prosperity to many country cinemas, smaller houses now taking twice as much as ever before. On balance, the takings of a film are between 15 and 20 per cent. below normal. Add to this the fact that there are no car park fees and less public generally for the average film and it can be seen that there is now a very small margin of profit on a film. But there will be a profit, and a big one, for the films now being made.

British film companies have been able to pick up discarded stories cheaply, to renew contracts which were dropped at the outbreak of war, and generally cut costs.

In peace-time, Government co-operation was a thing to be begged for and delighted with, if obtained, be it only a crumb. Now the Government and especially the Services are working as never in peace-time. I can give an example. For *Contraband*, now being made at Denham, the Admiralty and the Ministry of Economic Warfare gave every possible help. Actual scenes at a control port and at the Ministry were taken. One particular scene was required on a semi-cargo semi-passenger vessel of some foreign power. At midnight the Admiralty announced the forthcoming arrival of such a vessel into port the following day. "You've got three days to work on it," the Admiralty said over the telephone. In three days everything needed was "in the bag." Even such difficult things as timber and petrol were released in sufficient quantities and are being still. No company can complain now of Government indifference, but it took a war to get this revolution of ideas.

The position now is that the Quota Act insists that every exhibitor must show 17½ per cent. of British films, while every renter must have 22½ per cent. on his books. No one knows whether this will be renewed. The Government plans are still secret. But if it is not, if it is wiped out, the quota will still be exceeded voluntarily because British pictures are now doing best. "British pictures are on top," said the head of one great chain of cinemas to me. "I hope they will take their chance and stay there. I think they will."

Now what about the finance? There is talk of a Government pool with a Treasury grant of £5,000,000. The wise and profitable producers abominate this scheme. They visualise, as happened once before, men with little experience but a possible story, and problematical stars, obtaining the backing they need by means of influence and a glib tongue. In the last film slump, fifty-seven companies, founded when finance had been easily obtainable, were wound up after making one picture. It would be a tragedy of tragedies, and the end of the industry, if any such event were made possible again. Again on the costing side, timber, wages, paint, clothing, hessian, cellulose are up by as much as 100 per cent. in some cases. Production means that at least 20 per cent. more money has to be spent. Also, cost of distribution, raw stock, transport, etc., is up by 25 per cent.

As for the salaries of the stars, John Corfield is out and out on the side of those who would see them tremendously cut. This again may be a war-time measure likely to become permanent. "Why," he asked me, "should I pay £1,000 a week to a star, and he demands a clause that in the event of an interruption through air raids he shall continue to get a fat retainer? The wretched extras and 1s. an hour man get no guarantee, no breaking clause, no consideration at all, and they are the very people with no financial background who need it most of all. I hope this war will see better conditions for all those small people. Large profits for a company go back to the Government, and I would rather see the money going direct to improving conditions."

Before I finish I must run through some of the films being made, or planned. As in dance music (where British composers are ousting the Americans, who cannot find the tempo of our war life, nor see our peculiar humour), we have an advantage in films. Apart from small comedies, always money-makers, here is a list of what is in store, stories with a war background but human, humorous, exciting, and with scenes which we have all come to know so well.

Contraband, with the contraband control and the Navy as a background; *Freedom Radio*, dealing with the German pirate station; *Convoy*, of which the name is self-explanatory; *Gestapo; For Freedom*, dealing with the *Graf Spee* victory; *Old Bill; I Had a Comrade*, a Pastor Niemoller story; a film on the work of E.N.S.A. and N.A.A.F.I.; *Blackout*, a spy story; *The Siegfried Line*, with the Crazy Gang. Add to these such play successes as *Gaslight*, *Busman's Honeymoon*, *The Admirable Crichton*, Shaw's *Major Barbara*, *George and Margaret*, *The Calendar*, and half a dozen others, all in active preparation, and it can be seen what the revived film industry is doing. This quite apart from any other pictures costing in the neighbourhood of £100,000 each. Altogether, we can count on £2,500,000 worth of British films this year.

DENHAM STUDIOS BACK AT WORK AGAIN — A GENERAL SCENE JUST BEFORE A "SHOOT"

Michael Powell, the director, was talking to Conrad Veidt and Valerie Taylor when this picture was taken during the shooting of *Contraband* in the big studios at Denham

BRITISH FILM WORLD ALIVE AGAIN: *Scenes in a Busy Studio*

"GESTAPO" IS UNDER PRODUCTION AT THE LIME GROVE STUDIOS

This story of a rich Czechoslovak's daughter is being filmed at Shepherd's Bush. Here Anna and her father are seen about to land in England

THE GERMAN FÜHRER TELLS BOMASCH WHAT HE WANTS

The part of Herr Hitler is taken by Billy Russell, and Bomasch by James Harcourt. The setting is excellently done

CAROL REED, DIRECTOR OF "GESTAPO," IN CONVERSATION WITH THE HEROINE

During a break Carol Reed converses with Margaret Lockwood, who takes the part of Anna

WELL-MADE-UP BRITISH HUNS LINE UP IN THE "GESTAPO" FILM

They are in the uniform of the 5th German Infantry Regiment. Every detail is watched by an expert on German military detail

IN A CORNER OF THE STUDIO THE DIRECTOR IS AT WORK ON A SCENE IN "GESTAPO." *On left*—REX HARRISON AS A GERMAN OFFICER

This 20th Century Fox production is in full swing, with Maurice Ostrer in charge of production, Edward Black as producer, and Carol Reed as director. The story begins to unfold itself around a rich munition factory chief in Czechoslovakia just before the entry of the Germans. There are attempted escapes to England by air, detentions of the daughter in a concentration camp, and adventure throughout

TYRES, FROM GIANTS DOW

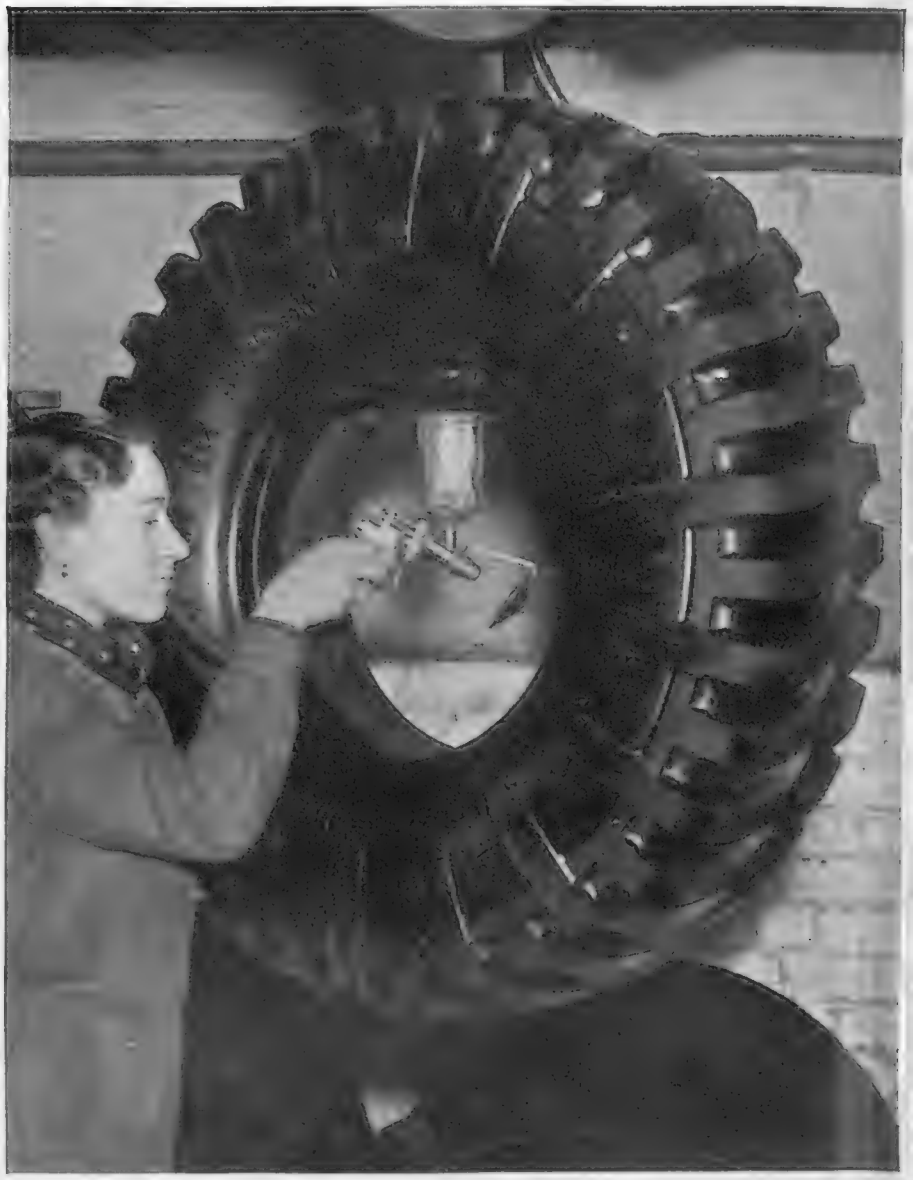
The Ministry of Supply is Probably the Biggest Single Buyer of Pneumatic Tyres in the World

THE ARMY NOW USES TYRES FULLY AS TALL AS A MAN

This is a special type of grooved tyre used by the big guns of the British Army

THERE ARE SMALLER TYRES OF A SPECIAL CUT FOR PARTICULAR PURPOSES

This tyre is fitted to a smaller field gun which can be man-hauled. *Below* is an anti-aircraft gun carried on tyres of a special design



A MODERN MECHANISED ARMY ENTAILS AN ENORMOUS OUIPUT OF SPECIALISED TYRES

A tyre of a particular type for an army tractor being sprayed before dispatch

MONSTER BULLET-PROOF TYRES COMPLETED AND AWAITING DISPATCH

NWARDS, FOR GUNS, PLANES AND ARMY LORRIES

BULLET-PROOF TYRES HAVE NOW BEEN DEMONSTRATED TO BE AN ACTUALITY

After many years of exhaustive experiments Great Britain has found and perfected a method whereby pneumatic tyres can be rendered reasonably immune to the effects of rifle or machine-gun fire. This picture, taken at a Ministry of Supply Works demonstration, records the shooting of bullets at a big lorry tyre. The tyre stood up well and the lorry afterwards went on a trial run

THE R.A.F. REQUIRE HUGE NUMBERS OF TYRES OF A VERY BIG SIZE

These are a few of the big tyres which stream out of this factory for aeroplane use

These latest bullet-proof tyres, now being made for R.A.F. undercarriages at a factory in England, are the result of a secret process. They are of such a nature that after being hit by machine-gun or rifle bullets they are so little damaged that it is possible for the vehicle to keep running at normal speed

WITH FOUR NARROW GROOVES, THESE TYRES CARRY A HEFTY GUN AND ENDURE ITS RECOIL

The zig-zag treads are here discarded for continuous narrow grooves. The manufacture of such big tyres, enduring so much strain, has to be very carefully supervised and tested

COUNTRY v. TOWN

The Question of The Returning Children Remains an Acute City Problem

SOME BARNARDO ORPHANS WHO A LITTLE TIME AGO WERE EVACUATED FROM MIDDLESBROUGH TO RIPLEY CASTLE

These children are now living in a baronial home near Harrogate, Middlesbrough being considered to be rather a hot spot for an orphanage

TUITION FOR TOOTING CHILDREN: THE REV. E. L. HENSON HOLDS A CLASS

On right—A party of 250 London children were entertained a few days ago by the Spitalfields Market Branch of the Transport and General Workers Union. The feast was a good one

GUM-BOOTED ORPHANS SMILE AS THEY START ON THEIR MORNING WALK

All these children were well-booted and coated for the snowy weather which existed when these pictures were taken. Like all young animals they enjoy kicking their way through snow

The pictures given on this page visualise to a small extent a very big question. For months past, as is common knowledge, thousands of evacuated children and their mothers have been retracing their steps back to their city homes. The total for all England is 409,000 children who have left the country for the towns. As far as London is concerned the figures are as follows: Of the 241,000 children who left London under the big evacuation movement in September last, 79,000 have returned. But these do not represent the total number of children in need of education in London. Some 250,000 remained in their own homes with their parents. Discussion has raged round the physical benefits stated to be received by the children living in the country and the general disabilities which have affected the split-up homes. Voluntary local effort has endeavoured to give some kind of lessons to the children near at hand, but this is not really adequately coping with the educational situation. It was suggested in Parliament last week that councils would be informed that they must reopen schools. The Government attitude is still in favour of the children remaining in the country, although the situation with regard to excessive bombing, on which the whole scheme was based, has materially altered.

AERIAL TACTICS OF THE FINNS

How the Coming Summer Will Aid the Finnish Air Force

The War in the Air, described by CHARLES G. GREY
(Founder of *The Aeroplane*)

VERY often one finds most essential information tucked away in the least essential part of a newspaper paragraph, or as part of a sentence which has seemed to call for no comment. Last week's news from Finland has provided an excellent example of that sort of thing. The correspondent in Finland of one of our leading daily papers quoted a Russian officer, with whom he had been talking after he had been taken prisoner, as saying that he could not see how Russian troops could be moved in masses through Finland in the summer.

That is a point which the military experts in this country seem to have missed. But it is a point upon which the Finnish Air Force has been reckoning for years. The Finns were, in fact, much more afraid of attacks on the ground during the winter than they were of summer attacks. And perhaps that is why the Russian High Command, such of it as has not been liquidated, has kept on attacking while the going is hard, though evidently not good.

In the winter when the lakes and the bogs are frozen, tanks and mechanical transport can move freely, except where they strike forest and have to move along roads between timber. And that is where the Finnish Air Force has been getting at them.

In the summer, troop movements, except possibly in a few small areas on the Karelian Isthmus and up in the far north, are limited almost entirely to these forest roads. And mechanical transport and infantry jammed on forest roads, hemmed in on both sides by marsh or lakes, are just about as helpless as human beings can be. Also they are the sort of target about which bomber-pilots and ground-strafing fighters dream. Certainly that Russian prisoner showed a better appreciation of the situation than most military writers have done.

One rather curious thing about the war in Finland is that we have heard nothing about the Finns bombing the ice when Russian troops have been crossing frozen lakes or rivers. That method of disposing of his enemies was used with great effect by Napoleon when he ordered his artillery to fire at the ice and not at the retreating troops after he had beaten the Russian army badly in one of his earlier campaigns in north-eastern Europe.

Possibly the Finns considered that they could do the Russian army more harm by letting them retreat and mopping them up by flank attacks on the ground and air attacks from above, leaving the ice for themselves as a line of retreat or of supply.

The amount of bombing of hospitals and air-raid shelters reported last week from Finland is remarkable. Readers will have noticed that, apart from the peculiar attraction for bombs which is possessed by women and children, as mentioned by Lord Trenchard in the House of Lords some few months ago, hospitals have also exercised a powerful magnetic effect on bombs. And now apparently air-raid shelters have acquired the same curious power.

To ascribe all this bombing of hospitals and air-raid shelters to deliberate efforts by the Russians is to pay far too high a compliment to the skill of the Russian bomb-aimers and pilots—and to the makers of their bombing equipment.

The chief reason why hospitals always get themselves hit, especially war-time temporary hospitals, is that they are necessarily built alongside railways, so that the wounded can be the more easily transported. And for the same reason sheds in which ammunition is stored are built alongside railways.

The result is that when bombers come along trying to hit the railway and the munition stores, which they know are housed alongside, they stand a pretty good chance of hitting a hospital instead of a munition dump.

HOW THE R.A.F. GETS ITS PICTURES

An officer at Wing-Command headquarters in France studying photographs which were taken over Germany during a recent reconnaissance flight. Special magnifying instruments are used and these experts, who are specially picked for the purpose, sometimes spend several hours posing over a single picture, thus ensuring that no single detail escapes them. Particular attention is given to shadows cast by buildings which in some cases are barely discernible owing to camouflage

In his speech on this subject Lord Trenchard said that he had investigated a particular case of the alleged bombing of a hospital in China by the Japanese. He found that the hospital certainly was hit by bombs, but as it lay right alongside the local electric power station the reason it was hit was fairly obvious.

Writing of the air-war in Finland—about which, incidentally, THE SPHERE told its readers a good deal before the existence of such a war dawned on most other people—I notice that several air experts have discovered that the Russian Air Force is obsolete. I should not have thought that there was anything new about that. The stuff which the Russians sent to Spain in 1936 was well on towards being obsolete then.

Their best fighters were badly-built Russian copies of the U.S. Boeing monoplane of somewhere about 1932-34—which itself originated, as a design, in Holland. And their bombers were equally bad copies of the American Martin bomber fitted with Russian-built Hispano-Suiza motors.

The Russians once had an aircraft designer named Toupolev, who showed some intelligence as a designer in that he was rather cute at spotting the good points in European designs and putting them into his own machines. At one of the Paris Aero Shows a few years ago he showed a little single-seat fighter which I then described as being a Russian idea of what a Vickers Supermarine Spitfire ought to look like if it did not look as it did. It was a pitiful effort, for it was not even a Chinese copy, as the Russian-built Boeings are.

The unfortunate Toupolev was liquidated a couple of years ago, after a big four-motor bomber had been lost in an attempt to fly from Russia to the United States by way of the Arctic regions, and after another one had arrived somewhere near San Francisco claiming to have flown non-stop from Moscow—a claim which was shown by certain of our own aircraft design people to have been possible only if the machine had come down to refuel in Franz Josef Land.

And since Toupolev has been "bumped off" there has been no sign whatever that the Russians are capable of building an aeroplane which is even a decent *Macedoine*, as a French wit remarked, of other people's designs.

Therefore the most important thing for the civilised nations to do is to ensure that the Finns have plenty of modern aeroplanes and good pilots to meet not only the Russian air attacks from now until the summer but also to clean up the Russian troops when they try to work their way through the forests when the snow has gone.

We know that numbers of Italians and Spaniards have gone round by way of Scandinavia to join the Finns in the air. And we know that a lot of Swedes have also gone. The latest story is that a dozen or so Canadian air transport pilots are going to Norway to join the Finns because they are considered too old to join the Canadian squadrons of the R.A.F. Good luck to them. I only wish that our own Air Ministry would let some of our people go and help instead of walking about doing nothing.

Of course, we may want them badly if and when war breaks out seriously in the air, either over England or over Germany, but the Air Force would be all the better for having sprinkled through it a few hundred or a few thousand pilots and gunners who have done a few weeks' real war flying in Finland and have been properly "blooded."

Perhaps the best story, one quite believable, is that a lot of Germans have quietly gone across the Baltic to Sweden to join the Finns. I know that many German pilots would do so if they had the chance. There are lots of men in Germany now just about 40 years of age, who did in fact fly for the Finns, the Estonians, and the Letts against the Bolsheviks after the last war.

Turning to another matter, somebody seems to have rather got hold of the wrong end of the stick in an announcement in one of our daily papers that the R.A.F. has acquired some mysterious means of setting fire to the self-sealing petrol tanks which were discovered in a Heinkel monoplane bomber which was shot down in France some months ago. The evidence for this claim is that one day last week a squadron of Hawker Hurricanes shot down four or five Heinkels over the North Sea.

The claim seems to be a perfect *non sequitur*. There is no claim in the Air Ministry communiqués that these machines were shot down in flames. But even if they were, that is no proof that the petrol tanks were set alight. According to one description, a German machine disappeared pouring out clouds of black smoke. That sounds much more as if somebody had put a few bullets into a motor and the lubricating oil was getting out over the exhaust pipes, or otherwise getting mixed up with the combusting parts of the motor.

Apart from hitting the petrol tank, if a lucky bullet hits a petrol pipe and the petrol pours out of the tank, it is likely to catch fire. Apart from that there are dozens of things which can be hit in an aeroplane and force it to alight apart from setting the petrol tank on fire.

Anyhow, there is no particular "secret weapon" about a self-sealing petrol tank. Captain F. L. M. Boothby, the famous airship officer, who died a week or two ago, produced an excellent bullet-proof petrol tank either during the War 1914–18 or immediately after it, and was awarded a prize by the Air Ministry for it. Unfortunately it was never put into production because it was too heavy for the aeroplanes of those days.

Apart from that, within the past two or three years some very good methods of coating petrol tanks so that they become practically fire-proof have been produced both in France and in Italy. The "Simpa" method is used in about 70 per cent. of the Italian aeroplanes to-day. The French method, which is called the "Semap," is very similar to it. I believe that they originated from the same source.

The reason why we did not take to fire-proof petrol tanks years ago was their weight. Now that aeroplanes and motors are so much more efficient, we can afford to give away a little weight to give the crew that much more safety.

There are many ways of making self-sealing petrol tanks. Most of them are by coating the inside of the tank with some petrol-proof gluey substance, and this stuff seals the hole where the bullet goes in, but most of them fail to seal the hole where the bullet went out, because the pressure of the bullet on the liquid through which it passes blows a bigger hole out than it does in.

Both the Simpa and Semap systems seem to have got over that trouble. The Germans are fine engineers and great scientists but I have never seen anything to suggest that they are ahead of us in aircraft design, or in any of the gadgets and accessories which go into a warplane.

ART and ARCHÆOLOGY

ARTISTIC V.A.D.

Mrs. Sylvia Melland, a nurse at the biggest first-aid post in Chelsea, has just completed some mural designs for the brightening of the post; one of them she is seen hanging up in the nurses' rest room

NOW AT THE FRONT

Miss Gwen Le Gallienne, the artist daughter of Richard Le Gallienne, who is now at the Front as Britain's first official woman war artist. Miss Le Gallienne has been decorated by several governments for her work

THIRD CENTURY B.C.

An object of extreme interest, both from the artistic and ethnological points of view, is now in the possession of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York. It takes the form of a pair of shears probably decorated by a clever Greek artist during the third century B.C. The shape of the shears is in itself interesting, showing a long persistence of form in a familiar type of agricultural and garden instrument. Artistically it is of interest as being an example of triple metal inlay, white and black metals being set into a gilt bronze background. The work was carried out probably during the height of the Isis and Osiris cult which spread all over the Mediterranean, reaching Rome itself

A BLACK PUPPY NAMED EBONY

It is not often that the black dog, so common in Egypt now, is shown in ancient times and it is pleasant to know that his master, probably a high official at the Egyptian court, in appreciation of his hue, had called him "Ebony." His quaint little face appears on the wall of his master's tomb in the Theban necropolis, the period being that of Thutmosis III

The World of Books—By Vernon Fane

THE LIFE and DEATH of a BEST-SELLER

A Biographical Study of Marie Corelli; and Some Other Interesting Books

THIS week has provided such a very mixed and very entertaining bag that I shall not attempt to sort them out or classify them in any sort of order of merit. You pays your money and you takes my choice; and here it is. Not one of these books is either dull or negligible, though it is highly improbable that all of them will appeal to everyone who reads this page.

First of all, the life and death of a best-seller, as Mr. George Bullock calls his biography, MARIE CORELLI (Constable. 12s.). There is only one obscure point about this chatty account of an extraordinary woman's career, and that is the author's own opinion of his subject. He veers between a kind of tolerant affection and equally tolerant contempt. He writes with admiration of her output and her vigour and her frequent generosity, and in the next sentence takes the trouble to point to an example of her "ignoble" conduct.

Still, even that unevenness seems typical of the feelings Miss Corelli prompted in her acquaintances. In Stratford-on-Avon, where she finally settled and was to be seen on the summer river in a black and red gondola, the townspeople either respected her for her benefactions, or were profoundly irritated by her pretensions. What is indubitably true is that her writing was for many years sensationally successful. Copies of all her books were sent to Balmoral. Fashionable clerics preached sermons on her texts, and admiring letters poured in by the thousand.

It was this aspect of her work that fed Marie Corelli's greatest weakness. She soon came to believe that she had a message of cosmic importance, and whether this was to urge people to take baths through which strong electric currents passed—as satisfactory a short cut to electrocution as any I can imagine at the moment—or to save, as she put it, Stratford from Andrew Carnegie, she would never be deterred by logic or by a sense of humour.

Very different is the autobiography of Valentine, the author and dramatist, who was at school in the glorious shadow of C. B. Fry and Palairet when Marie Corelli was gracing Homburg, and meeting its royal visitor. Valentine was to grow up into a gayer world than hers, and a more friendly one. He was to write many of the last war's songs, with the inimitable Jimmy Tate, and to be the author of a play called *Tons of Money* which had the distinction not only of a two years' run but of having at least one clergyman at every performance. Or so the legend runs.

LEAVES OF MEMORY (Ward Lock. 8s. 6d.) brings back the days of hansom cabs and the Empire promenade, and it brings back, too, the days when theatrical history was being made, and the author was helping to make it with his contributions to *The Maid of the Mountains*, and those war-time revues in which Lee White scintillated and a very young Gertrude Lawrence and an equally juvenile Beatrice Lillie first made themselves known.

Valentine has many good stories to tell, of actors and racing men and managers. One of the neatest concerns the late Bob Sievier. He managed to acquire a seat in Westminster Abbey for George V's coronation, and was telling his friends what he had seen and heard.

"And at one point of the ceremony, boys," he said proudly, "I was so near to His Majesty that I could have touched him." Said a quiet little voice, "What for, Bob?"

I like to think that the quiet little voice belonged to the author of this good-tempered book of memories.

Lady Ingram's novel is a new departure, since it is written entirely in dialogue and relies even less than the books of Miss Compton Burnett on descriptive passages. These, when they occur, are rather in the form of stage directions, and precede each scene, with brief but adequate explanation of the gaps which the author has jumped in order to make her effects more dramatic.

TWENTY-THREE YEARS (Frederick Muller. 8s. 6d.) covers the span of a boy's life from his birth in a London air raid to his marriage just after the first September crisis. During those years his father's sister has made him her chief responsibility, both his parents being dead, and has ordered her whole life, even to her marriage to a man far older than herself, in order that he should be protected and cared for and suitably educated.

Although she later has two children of her own, her life is primarily dedicated to her nephew, and husband, babies, position, everything, must all come second to her nephew's happiness, which, in his marriage, she sees finally achieved.

This is a tranquil but none the less effective story of an English life, quietly lived, though with great events for its background, and the author has shown ingenuity as well as an excellent sense of topical values, by suggesting these from time to time. Air raids, crises, coronations and abdications, all move across the backcloth of her scene and give perspective to what is, though in fiction, the diary of one Englishwoman.

It would be a waste of time to attempt to put Mr. William Saroyan into any existing literary category. He is Armenian, but not at all reminiscent of Michael Arlen. He is American, too, but not in the sense that Sinclair Lewis is American. He is young and ambitious and gay and bitter, and he has never heard of Noel Coward. His *forte* is the short story, and he has never heard of the Federated Malay States.

PEACE IT'S WONDERFUL (Faber and Faber. 8s. 3d.) contains twenty-seven of the shortest stories on record, I should think. Mr. Saroyan holds the view that although he has plenty to say and an adequate number of adjectives to say it with, from four to eight pages will give him enough scope. What he has to say is often very, very funny, as in *The Adventures of a Young Man Some Day to be another Jack London*, or ribald, or moving, or simply evocative of a mood, as in *The Warm, Quiet Valley of Home*.

Mr. Saroyan's style might well have been formed by taking everybody else's literary styles, tearing them into small pieces and throwing them over his left shoulder. What is left is odd, witty and often irritating. New York parodists have a good time with him but he remains an authentic, vital writer. Read some of his stories for yourself, and even if they make you feel as if you had been spending an hour with a child determined to show off, you will remember the child with something warmer than exasperation.

Mr. Harley Williams' saga of Victorian railroad magnates opens in 1937 and retreats in a series of stately strides, ten or twenty years at a time, to 1800, and to the birth of a child who was to be a pioneer in railways and to become the oddly named Augustus Smith.

THE INHERITORS (Rich and Cowan. 8s. 6d.) is a solemn novel of financial progress and moral backsliding, and burks no social problems from illegitimacy to incest. The family fortunes are in fact founded on a conspicuously irregular union, and Mr. Williams is in danger at times of putting too heavy a burden of joylessness and sin on his characters who, in the more easily recognised ways, are creatures of stern fibre.

The Smiths and the Boileaus may, and as I have shown, do sin, but they get astoundingly little pleasure from it, and take to lives of expiation as weaker folk would to frivolity, but they are interesting creations, and the Victorian scene is well drawn.

Mr. Frank Tilsley's novel has more colour and more humour about it, and is an unqualified recommendation for your list. From his childhood a boy is brought up by his father, a famous painter, and shares his early poverty and disappointments and hilarities. The artist, Gilbert Bright, is able to send the young Frank to school and later to Cambridge. He provides a home for him in the holidays and takes him abroad when he sells a painting successfully.

At Cambridge Frank falls deeply in love with a girl who is both lovely and intelligent but, although she loves him too, they have no lasting happiness and Frank's jealousy of her past soon parts them. Some years later, he knocks down and accidentally kills a woman, but his father pleads guilty to the crime and is hanged for it. As the book closes, Frank re-visits Cambridge and his love there.

Mr. Tilsley gets better and better, and he is a first-rate story-teller, but there is one touch of real genius about his latest book, and that is in its title, for he has called the story of this cherished son, THE LOVE STORY OF GILBERT BRIGHT (Collins. 8s. 3d.).

CABBAGE HOLIDAY (Heinemann. 7s. 6d.) is purely and simply a bit of nonsense, and what better recommendation could there be in these sober days? Mr. Anthony Thorne is expert at this kind of thing, and the problem of a Frenchwoman who runs a house of the type known as disorderly, confronted with English village life at its most stagnant and malicious, is exactly what he enjoys. And no one can tell me that Mr. Thorne didn't enjoy writing this novel.

FOR CONSPICUOUS GALLANTRY

Scenes at Buckingham Palace and in France

POLICE CONSTABLE F.C. WALTON PROUDLY SHOWS HIS MEDAL

For stopping a driverless horse under difficult circumstances, the police constable was awarded the King's Police Medal. He is here seen with his wife and son

CHIEF SKIPPER ALBERT WATSON AND SKIPPER WILLIAM LIMB, R.N.R., AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE

The two skippers went to Buckingham Palace last week and received the Distinguished Service Cross

MEMBERS OF THE MINE-SWEEPER SERVICE WERE DECORATED AT THE PALACE

The group includes (left to right) Skipper W. Hayes (who received the D.S.C.); Commander G. E. Hammond who is in general command of the mine-sweepings off the coast (he received the D.S.O. for special service); and Skipper A. S. White (who was recommended for Exemplary Services and who received the D.S.C.)

THE "MOHAWK" COMMANDER'S WIDOW RECEIVED HER HUSBAND'S MEDAL

Commander R. F. Jolly gallantly directed the destroyer *Mohawk* though mortally wounded when Nazi bombers attacked the Firth of Forth

THE FIRST ARMY DECORATIONS OF THE WAR. CAPTAIN FRANCIS PETER BARCLAY (FOURTH FROM LEFT) AND LANCE-CORPORAL HERBERT ARTHUR DAVIS (ALMOST BEHIND HIM) RECEIVING CONGRATULATIONS

Captain F. P. Barclay was awarded the Military Cross and Lance-Corporal H. Davis the Military Medal. Both men belong to the Norfolk Regiment and their decorations were given for conspicuous gallantry and coolness on night patrol. Captain Barclay led his patrol far into the enemy lines and secured valuable information. Lance-Corporal Davis assisted the leader of his patrol to search a house. Later the patrol came under enemy fire and he displayed great determination and courage

FROM THE AMERICAS

FROM THE ARGENTINE,
Where Men of H.M.S "Achilles" have been Paying a Visit

The crew of the renowned cruiser are examining with interest the open-air method of cooking at Buenos Aires. There has been some local trouble with the men of the *Graf Spee*

FROM NEW YORK,
Where Weather Conditions have been Severe

"It's coming your way!" Muriel Hohman (right), a Dixie girl, threatens three of her comely friends with a shovelful of snow. From left to right those menaced are: Wilma Reardon, Agnes Steffensen and Doris Costelloe

FROM THE WORLD'S FAIR, N.Y.C., Where Russia "Liquidates" its World's Fair Statue

Ironworkers, "Roughnecks" as they are called in the trade, have been removing the 5-ton head of the huge, stainless steel statue atop the lofty Soviet Pavilion

FROM HOLLYWOOD, Where Shirley Temple Greeted Some "Ajax" Men

A photograph brought back by Leonard Pittman (right) and another member of the *Ajax* crew, showing them with Shirley Temple during a visit to Hollywood

From Regions which Suf

FROM THE SNOW-BOUND MIDLANDS,
Where Trains Got Lost in Huge Drifts for Days

FROM THE SNOW-BOUND NORTH,
Where Snow-ploughs had to Clear the Way for Scottish Trains

FROM THE SNOW-BOUND SOUTH,
Where Cheery Smiles Made the Best of the Heavy Winter Conditions

...ered in the Great Snow

The extent of the snowfall of January 27 was greater than anything in all this century's weather records. It is possible in this issue to show the scene when one of the long-distance trains was held up in a drift. The snow-ploughs sent to help them were sometimes buried. On the railway line between Manchester and Sheffield 2,000 soldiers and a snow-plough were employed

Cottages of the Scottish Highlands were among the hardest hit in last month's heavy snowfalls in Britain. The village of Leadhills, one of the highest in Scotland, was actually buried in snow, and was marooned for several days. This snow-plough was at work trying to clear the main line near Beattock, where a train was stuck in a drift for several days, the passengers finding shelter in a nearby hotel

These three Canadian soldiers, quartered in southern England, enjoyed some fun during the great snow spell of the past month

THE PERSONAL SIDE

FROM LONDON'S HOTEL WORLD,
Where the First Girl Chef is Being Trained for the Savoy Staff

For the first time in the history of the Savoy Hotel a girl is being trained in the Savoy kitchens. M. Francois Latry, the famous Maître Chef d'Cuisine at the Savoy Hotel, carried out the old custom of personally making pancakes and feeding them to the youngest kitchen employee

FROM ST. GEORGE'S, HANOVER SQUARE,
Where Mr. Campbell Gordon Wed Miss Eileen Allpress

After the wedding of Mr. Campbell Gordon, of the Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders, to Miss Allpress last week, a reception took place at which Pipe-Major Young toasted the happy couple

FROM THE DIPLOMATIC WORLD OF LONDON,
Where the Rising Generation Learn the Graces of Life

Little Miss Raczynski, the Polish Ambassador's young daughter, has been taking skating lessons at Queen's

FROM THE LICENSING WORLD,
Where Wives and Sisters Carry on the Business

Mrs. Doris Pinder, of the Brincliffe Oaks Hotel, Sheffield (seen here), is running her husband's business, as also is her sister

The NEW 20 m.p.h. BLACK-OUT LIMIT

In Which the Motorist Must Judge His Speed by Ear!

By A. PERCY BRADLEY, M.I.A.E., A.M.I.Mech.E. *(Clerk of the Course, Brooklands)*

IN case any of my readers may have gained the impression from my recent criticisms of the imposition of the 20 m.p.h. limit in "built-up" areas during black-out times that I urge them to disregard this regulation, I want to make it quite clear that I never advocate anyone breaking the law. This limit is now in force, and all motorists who are unfortunate enough to drive their cars during the hours of darkness must do their best to keep the speed below 20 m.p.h. in the restricted areas. Except when there is strong moonlight we should all keep within the law if we drive like an ordinary careful motorist. When the moon shines bright there is a danger of exceeding the limit in one or other of those many "built-up" areas where no signs of habitation are to be seen. Unless the police have reformed since war began, the speeding will probably be detected by them in these outlying so-called "built-up" areas.

The Minister of Transport is reported to have stated that motorists should practise driving at 20 m.p.h. or under during the day-time so that they may get accustomed to the beat of their engine at such a speed. This gem of advice was given in reply to a query as to how the law-abiding citizen who happens to be a motorist is to tell when he exceeds the limit, for being without any light on his dashboard he might very well break the law unknowingly. I wonder if the Minister imagines that the average motorist is a racing mechanic, a piano tuner or a magician. Of all the friends I have who motor I doubt if there are more than three who could tell the speed of their car by the hum from their engine. Here is an opportunity for our accessory manufacturers. We must be able to tell definitely whether we are below or above the new speed limit and it can be simply indicated for us if the speedometer hand is given a daub of phosphorescent paint and the figure "20" on the dial is similarly treated.

We have been told that the police will use patrol cars and traps to enforce the new law. When the Minister was asked if the police drivers would depend on their sense of hearing to know when they were driving at 20 m.p.h. he hesitated and evaded giving a direct answer. I assume, therefore, that they will have their speedometers illuminated with a dim light. If that is done, the machinery for catching offenders is, of course, comparatively simple, but the operation of a speed trap is a very different matter and it will be interesting, to say the least of it, to see how the car entering and leaving the trap is identified.

In the early days of motoring when cars were noisy, uncertain in their ways, smelly and messy, pedestrians took very good care not to get in the way. The walker's indifference to danger to-day is the direct result of the extraordinary degree of skill displayed by the average driver and the unfailing efficiency of the controls on the modern car. Before "black-outs" were legalised the number of road casualties were bad enough but it was only through skilful avoidance on the part of drivers that the number did not climb up to the present appalling figure. I do not think that the pedestrian to-day is any the more careless, but the black-out has prevented the driver from always saving the pedestrian in spite of himself.

The new limit has been instituted at a time when the evenings are lengthening and before this month is out summer time will be in force. These conditions should, of themselves, reduce the number of casualties, for which we shall all be thankful, but we must watch the Ministry, for they may well proclaim that any reduction has been brought about by the imposition of the new speed limit.

A SNOW-PLOUGH IN LONDON: The recent cold spell was responsible for the hold-up of much motor traffic, especially in the suburbs of London. This Diesel-engined snow-plough was brought into action with great success

The petrol coupon muddle still continues. The present normal ration books have been issued on the basis of a three months' supply. Yet those owners whose application for a supplementary ration has been approved find that their additional books cover a period of only two months. As we are now in the sixth month of war one would have thought that such an unnecessary complication could have been avoided. The results obtained from these applications for supplementary rations appear to be just as grotesque as they were at the beginning.

I can give chapter and verse of a case where an applicant owns two cars, both of which are driven for business purposes, which apparently are approved by the petroleum officer, but in the last period the amount of petrol granted for one was in excess of that applied for, whilst the second car only received a little over half of what was required. An appeal was made but no alteration in the permitted quantities was allowed. I have tried very hard to ascertain on what basis these supplementary rations are issued but I have not succeeded. In fact, the quantities granted suggest the number of gallons allowed is determined by drawing figures out of a hat.

Last week I referred to the difficulty I was experiencing in starting my engine during the recent cold mornings. I mentioned that I thought my troubles were probably due to using too thick an oil. In order to make quite certain, I had the old lubricant drained off and some of the thinnest grade put in. The very next morning the engine sprang to life at the first pull on the electric starter switch. For a whole week now the same quick start has been obtained and so there is definite proof that the oil was the trouble.

Britain's motor industry is playing an important part in the drive for increased export trade during the war, the urgent need of which was re-emphasised by Mr. Oliver Stanley, Secretary of State for War, in his broadcast to the nation recently.

A report issued the other week by the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders showed that British motor export trade for 1939 was considerably greater than for 1938. The statement is now made by Ford Motor Company, Ltd., that exports from its own factory during the first month of the present year were over 21 per cent. higher than those for January, 1939, a result which suggests that 1939's advance represents only the beginning of the industry's efforts.

The THEATRE

By PHILIP PAGE

THE recent heavy wave of mortality among London plays was partly, of course, due to super-wintry conditions. But it was due also to the fact that the majority of them were not worth seeing in any sort of weather. They were feeble farces, a lamentable revue (which lasted less than a week), and some efforts which, like Barrie's Fairies, "could not quite make up their minds what they were."

This policy on the part of most London managements is to some extent a sort of hang-over from the last war, when the idea was that a leg-and-dance show, with more leg than anything else in it, was the stuff to give the troops. Mr. Bernard Shaw, in a letter to *The Times* last week, points out, rightly enough (though I cannot agree with much of it), that the present generation of troops is, thanks to listening in to the B.B.C., more eclectic in its tastes; that is one of the few pats on the back that body has received for quite a while. At the same time, some new plays by serious authors of repute were produced between 1914 and 1918, including even one by Mr. Shaw — and a rather feeble affair it was, I remember. During the five months or so that this war has lasted, we have seen only *Desire Under the Elms*, which is serious enough in all conscience, but even that cannot count as new, since it was written in 1924.

"Give 'em something to laugh at, that's all they want" is the remark I am met with when I raise the point. It is *not* all they want, though it is not to be denied that real laughter is always a boon. The public, in or out of uniform, is *not* content only with farce and revue, the almost inevitable burlesque of Hitler being a feature of the latter. Nit-wittery is not the card invariably played in other parts of the entertainment world.

Whenever I go to the Queen's Hall for a symphony concert or an oratorio, I find the place varying from comfortably full to packed to overflowing. The same can be said of Sadler's Wells, with its opera and ballet programmes. If the answer to this is "Ah, but there you have a specialised public!" my answer to that is "Nonsense!" (or a word to that effect). The musical public are not a race apart. They are, most of them, just the people who would welcome and support any form of serious (or, at the lowest, non-imbecile) enterprise in the theatre. So, for heaven's sake, let's have it.

DIANA CHURCHILL in a scene from *As You Are*, the new comedy at the Whitehall Theatre in which she acts in her usual brilliant and piquant manner

"The Yeomen of the Guard."—The three weeks' season of Gilbert and Sullivan at Golder's Green is to be welcomed as heartily as ever—indeed, more heartily than ever, in view of the conditions to which I have referred above. I wish I could extend the same welcome to the new decor for *The Yeomen of the Guard*, with which the season opened. Gilbert and Sullivan enthusiasts, of whom I am one, are supposed by the opposite camp to be dreadful old fogeys, sticklers for tradition of the most Blimp-like brand, who resent any sort of innovation just because it *is* one. That is quite unjust. They are faithful to W. S. Gilbert himself in that they would resent any tampering with the book; Gilbert would not let actors "gag" or producers shuffle his scenes about (I wonder whether anyone was ever daring enough to attempt the latter?) for the excellent reason that he knew more about the job than anyone else round him, and, what is more, he *knew* that he knew.

But fresh (though not revolutionary) treatment in the matter of scenery and costumes is always acceptable. The new scenery for *The Yeomen* seems to have made most people jib because it is not only revolutionary but senselessly so. Mr. R. D'Oyly Carte, in an elaborate brochure given away with the programme, offers an ingenious explanation, not one word of which, if I may say so in all courtesy, could I swallow. What was needed was not an explanation but an apology.

There is no need for me to say what that scenery was like; there have been quite enough uncomplimentary comparisons. The point is what it was *not* like, and it was not like the Tower of London, which Gilbert intended it to be and which is the whole essence of his play.

I was relieved to find the "Beefeaters" in their familiar uniforms. I was quite prepared for them to be dressed as ant-eaters or opium-eaters—or as anything, for that matter.

The performance had many excellent features. Mr. Sydney Granville, always first-rate, is one of the veteran members of the company and his Shadbolt is one of the best of the many good things he gives us. Miss Helen Roberts (Elsie) is not so familiar; she is a charming singer and if as an actress she seemed on the arch side—well, Gilbertian heroines just have to be arch. That her neck and cheeks were wrapped round and round with a white cloth may have been part of the new decor. The effect was a suggestion of mumps, from which, poor soul, she may, of course, have been suffering.

Mr. Grahame Clifford as Jack Point is a newcomer who is a good deal more than promising. With the assistance of Gilbert he made us realise only too vividly what medieval monarchs had to put up with from their jesters in the way of humour.

"Fifth Avenue Girl" (Film).—If I were asked to name the best actress on the films I would unhesitatingly plump for Miss Ginger Rogers. For sheer intelligence and knowledge of her job she has all the moon-faced tragediennes of the screen beaten to nothing. Her new film at the Plaza is a conventional affair, quite good of its kind. But to realise Miss Rogers' sense of comedy, her perfect *timing*, and her brilliant resource as a comedienne (she has no dancing or singing line) is worth a dozen visits. And if I had the time I would pay them.

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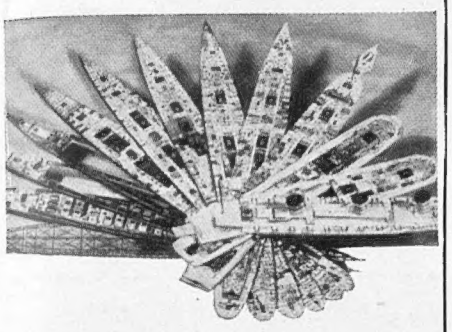

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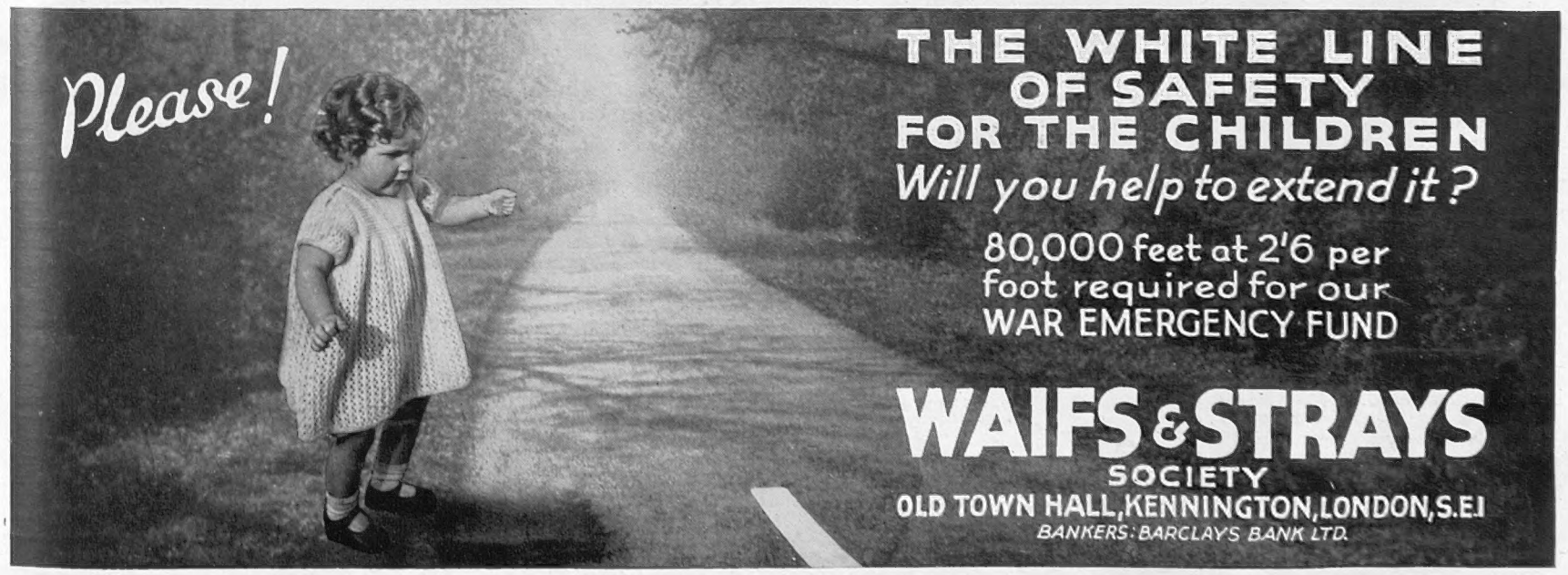

In Quest of Good Hotels

By ASHLEY COURTENAY

I CAME into Milsom Street, Bath, by way of that busy thoroughfare called Quiet. Over my "elevenses" at the home of the original Bath bun I reflected on what a misnomer "Quiet Street" was to-day. I wondered how it was that the medical profession had come to select the Circus and Gay Street as the centre of their activities, and so my thoughts ran on to illnesses, convalescence, and hotels where one could find much needed rest through quietude.

"It's an ill wind . . . " And war-time has led to the discovery and the foundation of two hotels in and near Bath which have every right to define themselves as quiet.

The first, Cran Hill Hotel, was in existence long before war broke out, but the Bath doctors and the information bureau are like all of us, creatures of habit, and the would-be inquirer was recommended to such well-known hotels as the Spa, the Empire, the Grand Pump Room, and the Pulteney. They were apt to forget that close to their centre was Victoria Park, and that on the farther side, but only ten minutes' walk from Milsom Street, was this particularly charming hotel called Cran Hill where one could relax and find relief from the noise of a modern age.

But with the taking over of the principal hotels in the centre of Bath, Cran Hill came into its rightful own. To-day it is full, and those who would stay there must put their names down on the waiting list. In fact, I am dubious whether I am right at this juncture to draw attention to Cran Hill Hotel at all, for they could do with twenty more bedrooms at least. On the other hand, I mention Cran Hill because it does go to show how through the exigencies of war a quiet, charmingly run hotel can be discovered at Bath's front door-step.

The next "quiet" hotel, and it was founded as a result of the war, is the Granby, by Bradford-on-Avon, eight miles from Bath. For 300 years there has been a Granby Hotel at Harrogate. It always had a reputation for comfort and calm, and of recent years it had attracted the cream of that class of clientele who appreciated the atmosphere of quietude, English cooking at its best, and a high standard of personal service.

Then came the war. Officials of H.M. Office of Works, with little regard for the unusual character of an hotel which was in reality a home to many, evicted the visitors and permanent residents at short notice, and a clientele has been destroyed which can never be wholly recovered.

But a nucleus is being held together by the opening of this junior Granby Hotel, a mile outside Bradford-on-Avon. Here is being maintained that same atmosphere of comfort and calm, and that high standard of English cooking and service.

A well-built country house of Bath stone, it was ready made for the running of an hotel of the Granby standard. There is central heating in practically every room. The bedrooms are well proportioned, and with their private bathrooms and inter-communications can be easily adapted as suites.

One recognises some of the pick of the Granby, Harrogate, furniture in the lounges and entrance hall. One misses, perhaps, the finely-proportioned dining room at Harrogate, but the chef and others of Mrs. Crossman's Harrogate staff are in these new surroundings, and to-day Harrogate's loss is Bath's gain. Though eight miles out, there is free daily car service to and from Bath. So there is really no difficulty in those undergoing spa treatment staying at the Granby, for the extra distance involved is more than compensated for by the very real comfort and calm of the Granby atmosphere.

But the main clientele to this junior Granby will be those who have stayed year after year at the Granby at Harrogate, and will welcome re-sampling Granby "quietude" in new surroundings.

Reverting to Bath itself, the spa and social side is little affected by war conditions. In fact, the latter is much increased, and if the Saturday night dances at the Assembly Rooms are any criterion, Bath to-day is the most "dressy" town in the British Isles. Evening dress or uniform is essential for one, though my sympathy goes out to a Service friend at being refused admission for wearing immaculately turned out blue lounge suit, though he would have been allowed in had he been wearing that ungainly, though doubtless serviceable uniform—"battle-dress."

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

C. H., London.—Your inquiry was a little bit of a poser to me, and I find it difficult to suggest a place sufficiently near for you to go back to lunch each day, and sufficiently far out to have a pot at a rabbit on your one day off a week. There is one place that your wife might care to go and have a look at because my knowledge of it is restricted to the last proprietor. It is called "West Lodge," Hadley Wood, near Barnet. Nearest station is Cockfosters, on the Piccadilly Line, and only 20 mins. from Piccadilly. The golf club adjoins the establishment. It is right in the country, and you really could get home to lunch there, and you should have no difficulty in getting some rabbit shooting.

Mr. Ashley Courtenay is always pleased to advise "Sphere" readers of hotels, both large and small, known to him personally. Letters should be addressed to him, c/o the Editor, THE SPHERE, *32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4. Personal and telephone inquiries, however, cannot be accepted.*

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FACTS AND FIGURES OF IMPORTANCE

The 1940 Editions of the Great Reference Books

"WHO'S WHO."—The 1940 *Who's Who*, the pages of which number 3,532, contains even more corrections than in previous years, changes having taken place on every one of its pages. Over 1,000 new biographies have been added and a similar number removed owing to deaths. These biographies total over 40,000. Anybody who is noteworthy in his or her walk of life is included in *Who's Who* and accurate information about airmen, soldiers, sailors, diplomats, authors, etc., is available. Many people of mark in Europe and America are also included.

"Debrett's Peerage, Baronetage, Knightage and Companionage."—Events within the scope of the volume are recorded until as recent a date as November 30, and despite the many difficulties in producing the work caused by the outbreak of war it was published only two days later than the customary date. Subjects referred to in the preface include Their Majesties' tour of Canada and the U.S.A., appointment of counsellors of state, war declared, premier barony of England falls into abeyance, Lord Sinha to sit in the House of Lords, large numbers of hereditary titles without heirs, courtesy titles, etc., etc. The number of honours bestowed during the past year has reached a total of 540, about the same figure as in 1938, and the corrections necessitated by births, marriages, deaths, etc., whilst the work was passing to press have been unusually heavy.

"Kelly's Royal Blue Book Court and Parliamentary Guide."—As is well known, this book, which has been issued for over 100 years, gives the names, addresses, and telephone numbers of the occupiers of the better-class private houses in the western districts of London. The names and addresses are arranged: (1) According to streets; (2) in one alphabetical list of names with addresses and telephone numbers. The book contains a Classified Trades Section, especially useful to the West End shopper, and a full Parliamentary Directory. Much useful information is also given with regard to the Royal Households, the Government Offices, and the principal clubs; while a list of golf clubs within easy reach of London with the name of the secretary, the nearest railway station, telephone number, fees, etc., and a theatre supplement containing seating plans are other popular features. Conveniently arranged and printed in clear type, the book has been subjected to the usual thorough revision and correction, and the publishers feel that, in spite of the difficulties attending its compilation, this edition is in every way worthy of the reputation enjoyed by its predecessors.

"Kelly's Handbook to the Titled, Landed, and Official Classes."—The greater part of this book of over 2,000 pages is occupied by 30,000 biographies, arranged in alphabetical order. The value of a work of this nature depends a great deal on the amount of care that is exercised in the selection of the names which appear. In the case of *Kelly's Handbook to the Titled, Landed, and Official Classes*, the persons who qualify for inclusion are roughly those indicated by the title.

THE BIG FIVE: *Debrett's, Who's Who, Kelly's Handbook, The Royal Blue Book* and *Whitaker's* which together contain every conceivable variety of useful information regarding people and places. No home or office is complete without them

In greater detail these include all those who have titles or orders; Members of Parliament; the very senior members of the Government Services; notable people in the counties, such as deputy lieutenants, county magistrates, and landed proprietors; besides certain outstanding figures in the worlds of literature, drama, the arts, and commerce. Biographies are also given for all living members of the Royal Families; there are lists of the members of the different ranks of the peerage, with dates of creation, and the titles borne by their eldest sons; two lists of Members of Parliament, the first arranged alphabetically under names and the second under constituencies, and a list of the War Cabinet and the Ministry in which all the recent changes have been recorded.

"Whitaker's Almanack."—The new *Whitaker* is extremely up to date (the new Government of Finland is included, as well as details and personnel of the new Government Departments in this country), and in addition it records, possibly for the first time in permanent form, details of the emergency legislation which affects every type of business, and every household, great or small. The approach to war, the events following the invasion of Poland, and the consequent outbreak of hostilities, are fully chronicled. This new edition is again enlarged. The additional space is occupied partly by tables showing the productive capacity of the allied and neutral nations and food imports from British and foreign sources, and partly by tables showing the times of rising and setting of the sun and moon throughout the British Isles. The latter tables, in combination with those showing civil and nautical twilight, will enable chief constables and air raid wardens to compute the local time for "black-out." The usual summaries are given of the year's weather, science, literature, the drama and the films, while progress in gliding, stratosphere flight and television are duly recorded.

"South and East African Year Book and Guide" 1940 Edition.—It has been emphasised again and again that the maintenance of our export trade is more than ever a vital need in these present times, and it is therefore essential that manufacturers and exporters should be able to obtain reliable information on those countries to which their goods may be exported. The importance of South Africa in this sphere can be gauged when it is realised that the value of merchandise which she imports from the British Empire (the bulk of which comes from the United Kingdom) exceeds her imports from all other countries of the world combined. Therefore the publication of the 1940 edition of the *South and East African Year Book and Guide* has come at a time when it will be of the greatest value to the business community. The Guide is issued annually and in the present issue some thousands of amendments have been made to the matter and figures published in 1939. Included in the book is an excellent atlas by John Bartholomew and Sons of sixty-four pages of maps in colour. All these maps are revised year by year, and many of them have been specially drawn for the Guide and are unobtainable elsewhere. The index, covering fifty-seven pages, includes over 4,000 place-names and is practically a gazetteer.

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The majority of these hotels are personally known to our Hotel Correspondent, Mr. Ashley Courtenay, who will be pleased to give further details regarding them to readers who write to him, c/o "The Sphere."

ENGLAND

Aldeburgh.—Wentworth Hotel. Tel. 312 & 313.
Bath.—Lansdown Grove Hotel.
Bexhill-on-Sea.—Hotel Riposo. Tel. 472.
Blackpool.—The Headlands. A.A. & R.A.C.
Bognor Regis.—Royal Norfolk Hotel. Tel. 40.
Boscastle.—Welltown Manor Guest Hse. Tel. 17.
Bournemouth.—Bourne Hall Hotel. Tel. 5.
Bournemouth.—Canford Cliffs Hotel.
Bournemouth.—Tollard Royal.
Brighton.—The King's Hotel.
Bushey.—Bushey Hall Hotel.
Cambridge.—Blue Boar Hotel. Tel. 3030.
Chichester.—The Ship Hotel. Tel. 2028.
Chipping Campden.—Cotswold Hse. Htl. Tel. 330
Crowborough (Sussex).—The Crest Hotel.
Dulverton.—Carnarvon Arms.
Dulverton (Som.).—Woodcote Hotel. Tel. 129.
Exmouth.—Maer Bay Hotel.
Falmouth.—Greenbank Hotel.
Folkestone.—Queen's Hotel. Telephone 2219.
Goring-on-Thames.—The Bull. Tel. Goring 57.
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Paignton.—Ravenswood. Cliff Road.
Paignton.—Redcliffe Hotel.
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Ross-on-Wye.—Mount Craig Hotel.
Salisbury.—Old George Hotel. Tel. 3189.
Sanderstead (Surrey).—Selsdon Park Hotel.
Scarborough.—The Grand. 'Phone: 1053.
Sidmouth.—The Torbay Hotel.

ENGLAND—*continued*

Storrington (nr. Pulborough).—Roundabout Htl.
Torquay.—Lincombe Hall. Tel. 2302.
Torquay.—Roslin Hall Hotel. Tel. 4373 (2 lines)
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Tunbridge Wells.—The Spa Hotel.
Twyford (Berks.).—Grove Hall Hotel. Tel. 106.
Weymouth.—Royal Hotel. Tels. 627 & 628.
Worthing.—Greystoke Private Hotel. Tel. 991.

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(Figures in brackets show mileage from London)

Catterick (229).—Bridge House Hotel.

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Keswick.—Borrowdale Hotel. Borrowdale 24.
Keswick.—Royal Oak Hotel.

LONDON

Ambassadors Hotel, W.C.1. Tel. Euston 1456.
Bailey's Hotel, Gloucester Road, S.W.7.
Dorset Square Hotel. Off Baker St., N.W.1.
S. Kensington Htl. Queen's Gate Terrace, S.W.7.

SCOTLAND

Stranraer.—Auld King's Arms.

WALES

Llandudno.—Imperial Hotel. Facing sea.
Llangollen.—The Hand Hotel.

NORTHERN IRELAND

Belfast.—Grand Central Hotel.
Rostrevor.—Great Northern Railway Hotel.

EIRE

Dun Laoghaire (Kingstown).—Ross's Hotel.
Glendalough (Co. Wicklow).—Royal Hotel.
Greenore.—Great Northern Railway Hotel.
Greystones (Co. Wicklow).—Grand Hotel.
Kingstown (Co. Dublin).—Royal Marine Hotel.

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